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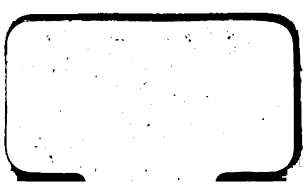
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The Onward reciter ed. by W. Darrah


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"While on earth I take my part,
May I love thee, mine own dwelling."

"HOME"—*page* 177.

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THE

Onward Reciter.

VOLUME VI.



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"Earth is the battle field where good must combat with evil."

M. F. TUPPER.

Onward! onward! Time is fleeting,
Hours are swift, and years are few;
Life and death are ever meeting;
Countless foes our steps pursue.
Onward! onward!
There is much for all to do.

Onward! Let not toil and trouble
Mar the joys of heart and home;
Life is not a bursting bubble,
Earth is not a peopled tomb.
Onward! onward!
Brighter hours are yet to come.

Time exists but in the present;
Strive to do thy work to-day,
Midnight's moon may lift its crescent
O'er thy form of lifeless clay.
Onward! onward!
Death's swift shaft no power can stay.

Seek not thou the victor's glory:
O'er his laurels tear-drops start,
War engraves a mournful story
On the homeless orphan's heart.
Onward! onward!
Thou canst bear a nobler part.

Sheathe thy sword, and furl thy banner,
Let thy days with peace be rife,
Not in tumult, war and anger,
Win the victory of life.
Onward! onward!
Be thy watchword in the strife.

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ONWARD RECITER.

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MIGHTY AT LAST.

CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
  Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root, and sprouted up,
  And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
  To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
  To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs;
  The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
  A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
  Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
  Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that toil might drink.

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He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true:
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill;
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

THERE'S MUCH IN THIS LIFE, AFTER ALL.

J. Burbidge.

THERE'S much in this life, after all,
That's pleasant, if people would take it;
On some of us trouble must fall,
But sure I am, most of us make it.
Let us look for the ups and the downs,
And try to take things as we find them,
And if we are met by the frowns,
Believe that a smile is behind them.

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THE COWSLIP GATHERER.

M. A. Paull.

THE golden sun shines over all,
The cowslip field is gay,
And thither, by the sparkling brook,
I daily wend my way.
My mother dear is sick and ill;
With all the help I give,
By gathering flowers and cresses fresh,
I fear she cannot live.

The golden sun shines over all,
But not into her heart,
And memories of happier days
Oft make the bright tears start.
Oh! if my father was but kind,
And led a sober life,
I think that joy would come again
To his unhappy wife.

The golden sun shines over all—
It shines on baby's grave;
Our mother would have gladly died
Our darling's life to save.
She was the sunbeam of our home;
Her prattle was so sweet;
We sadly miss the welcome sound
Of little wandering feet.

The golden sun shines over all.
The flowers she loved so well,
That grow above our baby's head,
I brought them from the dell,
The snowdrop and the primrose fair,
The graceful bluebells, too,
But most she loved the cowslips gay,
Their fragrance and their hue.

The golden sun shines over all.
A year ago to-day
Dear baby sat beside me here
With cowslip balls at play.
And now she lives with Jesus Christ
Above the sky's broad dome,
I'm sure His angel came in love
To take our darling home.

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The golden sun shines over all.
To-day I can but think
Our baby might be living yet
If 'twas not for *the Drink*.
Her medicine father went to fetch
In sorrow and in grief,
But oh! alas! he drank, and stayed
Too late to give relief.

The golden sun shines over all:
It shone that glorious morn
When baby died, and mother said
An angel bright was born.
Then father came; poor mother cried,
The thought of death was near,
"Oh! if you had but come in time!—
She's dead, our pretty dear."

The golden sun shines over all.
I thought then, in my fright,
Unless the sun is inside, too,
It all seems dark as night.
My father turned away at once,
And from that sad, sad time,
He's always been a wretched man—
A drunkard in his prime.

The golden sun shines over all:
And God made all things fair;
I'll kneel amongst the cowslips sweet
To offer up my prayer.
I ask that we may win him back
Once more to Virtue's ways;
I ask for poor dear mother's health
And many happy days.

The golden sun shines over all:
The little sunbeams seem
Like angels on the ladder bright
That shone in Jacob's dream.
Dear angel-sunbeams take my prayer,
And bear it up on high:
Our God will listen to my wants—
A child's deep, heart-felt cry.

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LET US SEEK TO GROW WISER.

WILLIAM ILOTT.

I SAW in my dream, as I peacefully slumbered,
A treasure so vast that it ne'er could be told;
But when I awoke it was easily numbered,
For gone with my dreams was the silver and gold.
Though Life, like that dream, is fraught with false pleasures,
That often spread sweetest delusion around,
Till we waken and find that its joys and its treasures
Have glided away and no more can be found:
Yet, oh! let us never be vainly regretting,
'Twill matter but little though life will not stay,
If we, while 'tis passing, true wisdom are getting,
And seek to grow wiser as time wears away!

I saw a small streamlet increase to a river
That ever rolls onward, though noiseless and slow,
Till its waters were lost in the ocean for ever,
And I could no longer distinguish their flow.
Though Life, like that river, is transient and fleeting,
And rapidly wending its way to that shore
Where soon the vast sea of Eternity meeting,
Its waters shall mingle, and flow on no more:
Yet oh! let us never be vainly regretting,
'Twill matter but little, though Life will not stay,
If we, while 'tis passing, true wisdom are getting,
And seek to grow wiser, as time wears away.

"Eat, drink, and be merry"—the world will be preaching,
"Thy days may be many—there's time enough yet;"
"Work, watch, and be ready"—is Wisdom's wise teaching,
"Thy days are uncertain—their sun soon may set."
The world will roll onward—its pleasures receding
Will leave us no joys when this life shall have passed;
But Wisdom will then to new pleasures be leading,
And bring us the joys that eternally last.
Like a shadowy dream, or the swift rolling river,
So surely and swiftly this life will decay;
But those will as surely be happy for ever
Who seek to grow wiser, as time wears away.

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"IT ALWAYS IS A-RAINING."

ANON.

TWO girls I know—Jeannette and Jo,
And one is always moping;
The other lassie, come what may,
Is ever bravely hoping.

Beauty of face and girlish grace
Are theirs, for joy or sorrow;
Jeannette takes brightly every day,
And Jo dreads each to-morrow.

One early morn they watched the dawn—
I saw them stand together;
Their whole day's sport, 'twas very plain,
Depended on the weather.

"'Twill storm!" cried Jo; Jeannette spoke low,
"Yes, but 'twill soon be over."
And, as she spoke, the sudden shower
Came, beating down the clover.

"I told you so!" cried angry Jo,
"It always *is* a-raining!"
Then hid her face in dire despair,
Lamenting and complaining.

But sweet Jeannette, quite hopeful yet—
I tell it to her honour—
Looked up and waited till the sun
Came streaming in upon her;

Then broken clouds sailed off in crowds,
Across a sea of glory.
Jeannette and Jo ran laughing in—
Which ends my simple story.

Joy is divine. Come storm, come shine,
The hopeful are the gladdest;
And doubt and dread, dear girls, believe
Of all things are the saddest.

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In morning's light, let youth be bright,
Take in the sunshine tender;
Then, at the close of life's decline,
Be full of sunset splendour.

And ye who fret, try, like Jeannette,
To shun all weak complaining;
And not, like Jo, cry out too soon—
"It always *is* a-raining!"

IS WINE A BLESSING?

JOHN B. GOUGH.

I WAS invited to church with a clergyman who is now the Episcopal Bishop of Carlisle, and we had a discussion for about two hours. A titled lady was present, and she helped him. I was alone, and had to bear the whole brunt of the battle in the Scriptural argument.

"The Bible permits the use of wine," said he.

"Very well," said I, "suppose it does."

"The Bible sanctions the use of wine."

"Very well, suppose it does."

"Our Saviour made wine."

"I know He did."

"Why, we thought you were prepared to deny this."

"I do not deny it. I can read."

"Wine is spoken of in the Bible as a blessing."

"There are two kinds of wine spoken of in the Bible," I replied.

"Prove it."

"I do not know that I can, but I will tell you what it is, the w–i–n–e that is spoken of as a 'blessing' is not the same w–i–n–e that is a 'mocker,' and the w–i–n–e that is to be drunk in the kingdom of heaven cannot be the w–i–n–e of the 'wrath of God.' So that although I cannot prove it learnedly, I know it is so."

Now, there are others who go further than I can go, but

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you will please let me go just as I can understand it, and if I cannot go any further don't find fault with me.

I hold that the Bible permits Total Abstinence; and I would rather search the Bible for permission to give up a lawful gratification for the sake of my weak-headed brother, who stumbles over my example into sin, than to see how far I can follow my propensities without committing sin, and bringing condemnation upon anyone's soul.

Another gentleman, who came to me for a long talk, said:

"I have a conscientious objection to teetotalism, and it is this: our Saviour made wine at the marriage in Cana of Galilee."

"So the Bible tells us."

"He made it of water."

"Yes."

"Well, He performed a miracle to make that wine."

"Yes."

"Then He honoured and sanctified wine by performing a miracle to make it. Therefore," said he," I feel that if I should give up the use of wine, I should be guilty of ingratitude, and should be reproaching my Master."

"Sir," said I, "I can understand how you should feel so; but is there nothing else that you put by, which our Saviour has honoured?"

"No, I don't know that there is."

"Do you eat barley bread?"

"No," and then began to laugh.

"And why?"

"Because I don't like it."

"Very well, sir," said I, "our Saviour sanctified barley bread just as much as He ever did wine. He fed five thousand people on barley loaves manufactured by a miracle. You put away barley bread from the low motive of not liking it. I ask you to put away wine from the higher motive of bearing the infirmity of your weaker brother, and so fulfilling the law of Christ."

That man signed a pledge three days afterwards.

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BRITAIN'S REPROACH.

M. A. WHITFIELD.

A CHRISTIAN pastor stood one day
In that great country far away
Beyond the Western deep: he stood
To talk with one of Indian blood;
They looked each other in the face—
Their features diverse as their race.

The white man spoke and sadly told
That stately Indian, brave and bold,
It grieved his inmost heart to see
Those children of the forest free
Slaves of Strong Drink, that direful foe
That swiftly laid their manhood low.

The Indian fixed his piercing eye
Upon the other steadily,
And deep reproach might there be read,
As well as in the words he said:
"We drink it, as you say, 'tis true,
But 'tis not we who make it too!"

. . . .

Again—another time and place,
When some, likewise of Indian race,
In Christian England, were implored
To take our Master for their Lord—
O Christian England! hear them say
The reason *why* they answer "Nay."

They told of sights which they had seen,
Of places where their feet had been,
In our own country, where the rays
Of Gospel light most brightly blaze:
Such sights, such scenes! how can I paint
What makes the heart grow sick and faint?

They spoke of parents slaves of Drink!
Children, from whom they could but shrink,
With unwashed faces on which Dread
And Famine were too plainly read;
Of wretched homes, where brutal force
Was vented as a thing of course.

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"Such sights (they said) with us are rare;
Your creed is high, but O forbear—
If your religion cannot purge
Such ills as these—forbear to urge
That we its doctrines should embrace
Whilst scenes like these its name disgrace."

O Christian England! dark the day
When heathen men such words can say!
And dark their doom, who thus profess
Themselves as sons of righteousness,
Who take on them the holy name
Of Christ, and cover it with shame!

O Christless men and women! wake!
Let His own Hand your fetters break!
Forgiveness full God offers still,
And life eternal, if you will
Believe in Christ, on whom is laid
Your help, for He your debt has paid.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS: AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

SOUTHEY.

"YOU are old, Father William," the young man cried
"The few locks that are left you, are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

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"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful and love to converse upon death,
Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age."

THE SONG OF THE STREET.

W. H. B.

WITH lips all livid with cold,
And purple and swoll'n feet,
A woman in rags, sat crouch'd on the flags,
Singing the Song of the Street:
"Starve! Starve! Starve!
Oh, God! 'tis a fearful night!
How the wind does blow the sleet and the snow!
Will it ever again be light?

"I have rung at the 'Refuge' bell,
have beat at the workhouse door,
To be told again that I clamour in vain,
They are 'full,' they 'can hold no more.'
Starve! Starve! Starve!
Of the crowds that pass me by,
Some in pity, and some in pride,
But more with indifference, turn aside,
And leave me here to die!

"Oh you that sleep in beds
With coverlet, quilt, and sheet,
O think, when it snows, what it is for those
That lie in the open street;
That lie in the open street
On the cold and frozen stones,
When the winter's blast, as it whistles past,
Bites into the very bones.

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"Oh, what with the wind without,
And what with the cold within,
I own I have sought, to drive away thought,
With that curse of the tempted—Gin.
Drink! Drink! Drink!
Amid ribaldry, gas, and glare.
If there's Hell on earth,
'Tis the ghastly mirth
That maddens at midnight, there.

"Oh you, that never have strayed,
Because you have not been tried,
Oh look not down, with a Pharisee's frown,
On those who have swerv'd aside.
And you, that hold the scales,
And you that glibly urge
That the 'only plan' is the prison van,
The treadmill, or the scourge,—

"Oh, what are the lost to do?
To famish, and not to feel?
For days to go, and never to know
What it is to have one meal?
They cannot buy, they dare not beg,
They must either starve or steal.

"Food! Food! Food!
If it be but a loaf of bread;
And a place to lie,
And a place to die,
If it be but a workhouse bed!
If you will not give to those that live,
You at least *must* bury the dead!"

. . . .

With lips all livid and blue,
And purple and swoll'n feet,
A woman in rags, sat crouch'd on the flags,
And sang the Song of the Street.
As she ceased the doleful strain
My homeward path I trod;
And the cry and the prayer,
Of that lost one there,
Went up to the throne of God.

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HOW MARRIAGE IS LIKE A DEVONSHIRE LANE.

REV. JOHN MARRIOTT.

IN a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song,
Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain:
Sure, marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place, 'tis long, and when you are in it,
It holds you as fast as a cage does a linnet;
For tho' rough, ay, and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must; there is no turning round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride;
And e'en then 'tis a chance but they get in a bother,
And jostle, and cross, and run foul of each other.

Oft Poverty meets them with mendicant looks,
And Care pushes by them, o'erladen with crooks!
And Strife's grazing wheels try between them to pass,
And Stubborness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high, to the left hand and right,
That they shut out the beauties around them from sight;
And hence, you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But thinks I, too, these banks, within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom, and berry are richly besprent;
And the conjugal fence, which forbids us to roam,
Looks lovely, when decked with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows;
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose;
And the ever-green love of a virtuous wife
Soothes the roughness of care, cheers the winter of life.

Then—long be the journey, and narrow the way,
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay;
And, whate'er others say, be the last to complain,
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

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DROPS OF CRYSTAL WATER.

JOHNSON BARKER.

DROPS of crystal water,
Oh! the summer showers,
Gemming with a thousand pearls
Blossoms in the bowers;
While the sun is resting
On a couch of clouds,
Drops of crystal water
Trickle down in crowds.

From the waving king-cup
Bees are drinking dew,
Butterflies are waiting
To taste a little too;
The cricket on the lady-bird
Makes a passing call:
Drops of crystal water
Furnish drink for all.

The lily and the daisy,
Sun-burnt in the field,
Had no parasol of leaves
Their purity to shield;
The sunlight dropped its cloud-veil,
And rain began to fall,
Drops of crystal water
Soon revived them all.

Corn that gilded acres,
The clover and the grass;
Cowslips that the children
Gather as they pass;
The primrose in the green lane,
The berry on the sloe;
Drops of crystal water
Cause them all to grow.

Drops of crystal water
From the running rills,
Where the cress is growing
By the brambled hills;
Oceans vast and boundless,
Rivers wide and far,
Drops of crystal water
Make them what they are.

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OVER IN THE MEADOW.

A KINDERGARTEN EXERCISE FOR TWELVE BOYS.

MRS. OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

[These verses should be taken and repeated separately by twelve boys; the sounds and motions, such as winking, swimming, leaping, &c., should be given by the whole, in concert.]

FIRST BOY.

OVER in the meadow, in the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother toad and her little toady one.
"Wink!" said the mother; "I wink," said the one;
So she winked and she blinked, in the sand, in the sun.

SECOND BOY.

Over in the meadow, where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother fish and her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother; "We swim," said the two;
So they swam and they leaped where the stream runs blue.

THIRD BOY.

Over in the meadow, in a hole in the tree,
Lived a mother bluebird and her little birdies three.
"Sing!" said the mother; "We sing," said the three;
So they sang and were glad in the hole in the tree.

FOURTH BOY.

Over in the meadow, in the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother muskrat and her little ratties four.
"Dive!" said the mother; "We dive," said the four;
So they dived and they burrowed in the reeds on the shore.

FIFTH BOY.

Over in the meadow, in the snug bee-hive,
Lived a mother honey-bee and her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother; "We buzz," said the five;
So they buzzed and they hummed in the snug bee-hive.

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SIXTH BOY.

Over in the meadow, in a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother crow and her little crows six.
"Caw!" said the mother; "We caw," said the six;
So they cawed and they called in the nest built of sticks.

SEVENTH BOY.

Over in the meadow, where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother cricket and her little crickets seven.
"Chirp!" said the mother; "We chirp," said the seven;
So they chirped cheery notes in the grass soft and even.

EIGHTH BOY.

Over in the meadow, by the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother lizard and her little lizards eight.
"Bask!" said the mother; "We bask," said the eight;
So they basked in the sun on the old mossy gate.

NINTH BOY.

Over in the meadow, where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother frog and her little froggies nine.
"Croak!" said the mother; "We croak," said the nine;
So they croaked and they plashed where the clear pools shine.

TENTH BOY.

Over in the meadow, in a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother spider and her little spiders ten.
"Spin!" said the mother; "We spin," said the ten;
So they spun lace webs in their sly little den.

ELEVENTH BOY.

Over in the meadow, in the soft summer even,
Lived a mother firefly and her little flies eleven.
"Shine!" said the mother; "We shine," said the eleven;
So they shone like stars in the soft summer even.

TWELFTH BOY.

Over in the meadow, where the men dig and delve,
Lived a wise mother ant and her little anties twelve.
"Toil!" said the mother; "We toil," said the twelve;
So they toiled and were wise where the men dig and delve.

Hand and Heart.

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THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.

POPE.

HONOUR and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune to men has some small difference made—
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.

What differ more, you say, than crown and cowl?
I'll tell you, friend, a wise man and a fool!
You'll find, if once the monarch act the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella!

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, smiles in exile and in chains;
Like great Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates; that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancied life in other's breath—
A thing beyond us e'en before our death.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God!

THE GOLD FINDERS.

ALBERT A. MOTT.

A RIVER, in a distant land,
Rolled o'er the vast primeval sand
Of mountains washed away;
The dark wood and the dismal fen,
The savage homes of savage men,
Along its margin lay.

But everywhere that river rolled,
The heavy sand was bright with gold;
The forest, while it threw
Cold shadows from it ancient pines,
Was rich as India's burning mines,
Or mountains of Peru.

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Forth from his home a wanderer past,
In California's western waste
To tread that river's shore:
He dug the ground, he washed the sand,
And gathered, with a jealous hand,
The harvest of its ore.

Nor father's voice, nor mother's smile,
Nor sisters in his native isle,
His eager feet had stayed;
For gold, that monarch and the god,
Of every land where man has trod,
He worshipped and obeyed.

The wizard book, the magic wand,
The mighty spell, were in his hand,
For gold was at his side;
His toil its recompence received—
The great world praised him while he lived
And mourned him when he died.

. . .

There was another stream. As far
As California's deserts are
From England's fruitful shores;
So distant was it from the sight
Of easy men, though day and night
It washed upon their doors.

Here, too, the mighty waters rolled
O'er many a grain of purest gold,
And hither, from the land
Where life was joy, and love was more,—
A second wanderer sought the shore,
And laboured in the sand.

Nor father's voice, nor mother's smile,
Nor sister could his soul beguile
Of other joys to dream.
The treasure that he loved was here
And not an outspread hemisphere
Could tempt him from the stream.

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He grew in riches; they were looks
Where the heart gushed like water brooks
Out of the thankful life:
Smiles that had never shone before—
Prayers that exulting angels bore
With anthems to the sky.

The blessing of the poor—the voice
Of sorrow learning to rejoice—
A sweet and holy sound:
The loving deed—the gentle thought—
These were the riches that he sought,
The treasures that he found.

He also died. The great world knew
Nought of the work he lived to do—
Nought of his life or name;
But Heaven upraised her portals wide,
And to the threshold, side by side,
The two gold-finders came.

. . . . .

The first, a naked ghost was there;
His hands were empty, and his hair
No circling crown confined.
His riches were not for the soul;
He left them in his grave—a whole
Eternity behind.

No robe of light, no wreath of love,
Was woven by the hands above
To greet him at the door.
On earth he was a prince in power—
He entered Paradise that hour
The poorest of the poor.

The other came. He ne'er had learned
In human courts, where rubies burned
And diamonds flashed, to stand;
But earth and heaven might envy now
The crown of glory on his brow—
The rainbow in his hand.

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The robe of light, the wreath of love,
Were woven in his home above,
And smiling spirits bore
His treasures; for the smallest grain
Gathered on earth, was his again
And his for evermore.

Go, thirsty souls! the rising gales
Are sweeping o'er impatient sails
For either stream unfurled;
But happy they, when life is done,
Who find in human hearts alone
The gold-dust of the world.

WILD FLOWERS.

LADY BYRON.

[Written on hearing of prizes being given to the children employed in a cotton-mill for the best nosegay of wild flowers.]

WHO loves the wild flower best?
The sailor who has never seen
For many weeks the living green
Of earth's familiar breast?

Perchance 'tis he who hath
In fever on his bed reclined,
And meets the healing, fragrant wind
And primrose in his path?

Or is he still more glad
Who, issuing from the prison's gloom,
Imagines all the flowers that bloom
In heightened colours clad?

No; there is yet a joy more pure,
Less tinctured with regret or fear,
Where mem'ry mingles not a tear—
Oh! may that joy endure!

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'Tis when the fact'ry child
Strives for the kindly-offered prize,
And gathers for the judge's eyes
A garland fresh and wild.

In that sweet garland blend
Our Heavenly Father's smiles of love,
And the best pledge—how dear above!—
That man shall be man's friend!

THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.

MAY every year but draw more near
The time when strife shall cease,
When truth and love all hearts shall move
To live in joy and peace!
Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
For folly still her cause maintains;
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right and the truth shall be,
And come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see!

Though interest pleads that noble deeds
The world will not regard,
To noble minds, when duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard!
In vain and long, enduring wrong,
The weak have striven 'gainst the strong;
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right and the truth shall be,
And come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see!

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail;
Oh, give not o'er, until once more
The righteous cause prevail!
The brave and true may seem but few,
But hope has better things in view;
And the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right and the truth shall be,
And come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see!

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"EVENING ECHO, SIR!"

M. A. PAULL.

MY father for me does not work,
He spends his gains in drink,
And how to earn my daily bread,
I've had hard work to think.
But I've struck upon a plan,—
I'm a little temperance man,
And I shout where'er I can,
"Evening Echo, sir!"

On the daily news, you see,
If you buy them wholesale price,
There's profit left for boys like me,
And we find it very nice
To change our pence for bread,
And a shelter for our head,
And the storms no longer dread;
"Evening Echo, sir!"

My clothes are shabby and torn,
You can't buy much with pence,
But my brains shall not be tattered too,
I'll use my common sense.
I'll keep from the ale-house door,
And never enter it more,
I'll be sober, if I'm poor;
"Evening Echo, sir!"

I've a little sister, too,
My darling little May;
I mean she shall be taught in school,
In a good and proper way.
So I must save and strive
To keep us both alive,
And by my papers thrive;
"Evening Echo, sir!"

When our mother was on earth,
She said we were to pray,
And she knew her Lord above,
Would guide us every day:
Would shelter us from ill,
If we tried to do His will,
And we believe it still:
"Evening Echo, sir?"

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A JUVENILE DEBATE.

ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

Question—"Is Total Abstinence opposed to the Bible or to Common Sense?"

CHAIRMAN. "Gentlemen, we have been called together this evening to discuss an important subject. I have no doubt but that we are all anxious to arrive at a good and sound decision. Let me therefore ask you to give a patient hearing to all the speakers and to speak with moderation. Without further occupying the time I will at once call upon the first speaker to open the debate, on the question: 'Is Total Abstinence opposed to the Bible or to Common Sense?'"

FIRST SPEAKER. "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen.—I am quite aware that it is a common practice among speakers who have few arguments to support their opinion, to so change the subject of debate, that speakers who come afterwards are led to enter upon a discussion entirely foreign to the one in hand. Fearing that some may go wandering in this direction this evening, permit me to say at the outset, that in our debate this evening we must discuss this simple question: Does the Bible oppose Total Abstinence, and does common sense frown upon it? Now, gentlemen, I must crave your indulgence since this subject is a vast one, and must be considered carefully. With regard to the first part of our question allow me to say that in the Bible the word wine has many different meanings. In some cases it refers to a beverage composed simply of sugar or honey and water; in others it has reference to the pure juice of the grape, free from alcohol; sometimes the word wine signifies the poisonous liquor containing the fiery spirit which is doing so much mischief all around us; whilst occasionally it refers not to a liquor at all, but to the beautiful fruit of the vine, the grape itself, the wine in the cluster. Now, gentlemen, what do we mean by Total Abstinence, and what sort of an article is it that we are

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asked to abstain from? Total Abstinence simply means the non-use of intoxicating liquors as beverages; and though our pledge is so liberal as to allow of its consumption as medicine under proper medical advice in cases of illness, there is a growing opinion among abstainers that such drinks are not at all necessary in disease. The article we ask you to abstain from as a beverage is altogether different to every other beverage, for by its power a man may lose his reason, and perhaps his life. It is an article quite unnecessary for health, since the most healthy persons are those who abstain. I ask you, is there any command in the Bible which opposes our standing aloof from this drink, or is there any argument that common sense can produce which will cause us to be the friends of the intoxicating cup? I cannot intrude upon your time to enter into this subject as it deserves. I have, however, no doubt that gentlemen present will do it justice. But I will say this: Read the words of Solomon. His warnings are as much against the drink itself as they are against the drinker. I have never yet found a single sentence in the Bible that opposes our holy practice. Gentlemen, if the drink does produce those evils with which it is charged, does not ordinary common prudence tell us that it is wiser to abstain? I trust that you will to-night be convinced of the soundness and durability of the cause for which I argue." (*Cheers*).

SECOND SPEAKER. "Mr. Chairman and Gentleman.—I must confess that I cannot find you a passage from the Bible which opposes Total Abstinence, but I should like to know what is meant by the following: 'Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy heart.' (Proverbs xxxi. 6.) I cannot understand how the Bible can be in favour of Total Abstinence when Christ made wine at the marriage feast, and as for common sense being on the side of the teetotalers, I would like to know what man of common sense would uphold Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill? It is opposed to the spirit of British freedom. (*Order, order. Question.*) Gentlemen may cry 'Order,' but I tell you that the Permissive Bill and the Sunday Closing Bill are all

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wrong, and likely to do an injustice to a large body of men who"——(*Order, order.*)

THE CHAIRMAN. "I must remind the speaker that he is wandering from the subject of the debate."

SECOND SPEAKER. "Well, gentlemen, I have no more to say on the subject."—(*Hear, hear*).

THIRD SPEAKER. "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen.—Who instructed the last speaker in Biblical interpretation, or did some enemy, assuming the guise of a friend, place the text he has quoted into his hands? A very simple and reasonable explanation of the text is, that when a prisoner was about to be executed, it was customary to make him intoxicated in order that his sufferings should not be so intense; the man who was ready to perish, was thus enabled to pass away without much pain. (*Hear, hear*). Does the Bible oppose teetotalism? Certainly not. How could God's holy book oppose our self-denial of an indulgence that so leads the young and innocent astray? The last speaker has made an assertion I should like him to prove. He said that Christ made intoxicating wine. Now that is a matter of dispute, and it is not for the friend of the publican to stand up and express his opinion in an authoritative manner. Certainly, we are quite sure of this, that the wine Christ made was entirely different to the article now sold under that name, most of which is strongly fortified with brandy. Gentlemen, the Bible is the friend of Total Abstinence, and common sense goes hand in hand with us." (*Hear, hear, and cheers*).

FOURTH SPEAKER. "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen.—I believe that barley and hops were sent to us for the manufacture of beer, and what was the grape sent for if not for the manufacture of wine? And what does Paul tell Timothy? (*Laughter*). I believe I am right, gentlemen, though I cannot boast of much Scriptural knowledge—(*Hear, hear*)—I believe I am right in saying that Paul told Timothy to take a little wine, and therefore I take Paul's advice. The other part of the question is soon settled. Common sense tells you that when you are thirsty you ought to drink, therefore I say by

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all means drink beer—the national beverage. England would not have been what she is but for beer. At least that is my opinion, whatever others may think."

FIFTH SPEAKER. "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen.—We were informed by the gentleman who has just sat down that he did not know much about the Bible. He need not have given us that information. (*Hear, hear.*) In my opinion the words of St. Paul are but a link in the chain of Total Abstinence. What does he say? 'Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.' (1 Tim. v. 23). What does this mean? Simply this, take a little wine as a medicine, take it in proper doses, and at right hours. In my opinion Timothy was an abstainer. Greek scholars tell us that St. Paul meant 'Take a little wine, but mix it with water.' Gentlemen, this cautious advice—for Timothy had only to take 'a little' wine, and even this 'little' had to be mixed with water—is a personal matter, being given to Timothy alone. It does not at all affect us. Paul said in another letter to Timothy, 'The cloke that I left at Troas with Cayius, when thou comest bring with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments.' (2 Tim. iv. 13.) Are we to rush off to Troas for his cloke and the parchments? Gentlemen, before you indulge in Timothy's medicine, find out whether you have Timothy's stomach and almost constant infirmities, or you may find the medicine more powerful than you anticipated. The Bible is not opposed to the practice of Total Abstinence, and common sense approves of our shielding ourselves from this great danger."

[*Several gentlemen rise to speak.*]

THE CHAIRMAN (*looking at his watch*). "Gentlemen, it is now past our usual hour for closing. I think it would be advisable to adjourn the further discussion of the subject till some future date, perhaps our next meeting."

FIRST SPEAKER. "I beg to move the adjournment of the debate to the earliest available date."

SECOND SPEAKER. "I beg to second that."

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THE CHAIRMAN. "Those who approve of the adjournment of the debate please to signify in the usual manner."

[*All hold up their hands, and separate.*]

KIND WISHES.

CHARLES SWAIN.

WISHES!—what are wishes?—
Roses of the tongue,—
Flowers of speech, whose beauty
Never lasts for long;
Wishes!—what are wishes?—
Easy things to say,
Fancies of a moment,—
Phrases of a day!

Is it so?—do wishes
Own no deeper source?—
Is it *all* lip service,—
All but words of course?
No! believe it never;—
Wishes yet may spring
From the heart to heaven,
As on angel's wing.

Life without kind wishes!—
What would life then be?—
Like a lonely voyage
O'er a cheerless sea:
Like the helpless ivy
From its loved tree hurled,
Nothing else to cling to
In the whole wide world.

Wishes!—what are wishes?—
Let thy soul reply;
Ask thy guardian angels,
Watching bright on high;
Ask thy *heart*;—'twill tell thee
Life were poor and lone,—
Poor, without kind wishes,
Were a world thine own!

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EPITAPH ON THE LATE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

PRAED.

BENEATH the marble mud or moss,
Whiche'er his subjects shall determine,
Entombed in eulogies and dross,
The island king is food for vermin;
Prison'd by scribblers and by salt,
From Lethe and sepulchral vapours,
His body fills his father's vault,
His character the daily papers.

Well was he framed for royal seat;
Kind to the *meanest* of his creatures;
With tender heart and tender feet,
And open purse and open features;
The ladies say who laid him out,
And earned thereby the usual pensions,
They never wreathed a shroud about
A corpse of more genteel dimensions.

He warr'd with half a score of foes,
And shone—by proxy—in the quarrel;
Enjoyed hard fights and soft repose,
And deathless debt, and deathless laurel;
His enemies were scalped and flayed,
Whene'er his soldiers were victorious;
And widows wept, and paupers paid,
To make their sovereign ruler glorious.

In peace he was intensely gay,
And indefatigably busy;
Preparing gew-gaws every day,
And shows to make his subjects dizzy;
And hearing the report of guns,
And signing the report of jailors,
And making up receipts for buns,
And patterns for the army tailors;

And building carriages and boats,
And streets, and chapels, and pavilions;
And regulating all the coats,
And all the principles of millions;
And drinking homilies and gin,
And chewing pork and adulation,
And looking backwards upon sin,
And looking forwards to salvation.

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Peace to his dust! his fostering care
By grateful hearts shall long be cherished,
And all his subjects shall declare
They lost a grinder when he perished.
They who shall look upon the lead
In which a people's love hath shrined him,
Shall say, when all the worst is said,
Perhaps he leaves a worse behind him!

THE CHILD'S INQUIRY.

MRS. RAPER.

A LITTLE girl, with flaxen hair,
And laughing eyes of blue,
And skin as alabaster fair,
With cheek of roseate hue,
Was seated at her mother's knee,
And still kept prattling fast and free.

While ever and anon was heard
A sigh so deep and long
From that pale woman's inmost heart,
As though that heart were wrung
With some deep agony of grief,
Which in those sighs found sweet relief.

And yet the little child would gaze
With sweet, inquiring look
Upon that loving mother's face,
Yet not a word she spoke,
Till on her little arm there fell
A tear, from her she loved so well.

"Mother! dear mother, do not cry,
Father will soon come home;
He said this morning he would try,
And would not always roam.
I know he will, should he not stay
At the 'Three Tuns,' that's in the way."

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"Yes, yes, my child, dear father's kind,
And loving is his heart,
And never from his wife and child
Would ever wish to part;
But that drink-shop you talk about
'Tis *that* which keeps your father out."

"But, mother, what can make him spend
His evenings in that place
When he at home might have a friend?
It seems a curious taste,
That men with home, and child, and wife,
Should in such places waste their life.

"I'm sure when errands I must run,
And have to pass that way,
There's such a noise, and smell of drink,
I have to run away.
Then why dear father there doth go,
I often think I'd like to know."

"My child, the things that make you run
Entice poor father in;
And where such places are, my child,
They lead to want and sin.
My heart feels bursting when I think
What grief and woe is caused by drink.

"I wish, when father was a child
There'd been a Band of Hope,
He might have now with pleasure smiled,
And been to us a prop.
But now dark ruin and despair,
Through drink, pursues us everywhere.

"Oh! could those houses be shut up,
As in the State of Maine,
Where none dare buy or sell a drop
Of drunkard's drink again.
Methinks how happy we should be
If from vile drink our land were free."

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"But, mother. if they were shut up,
What would the landlords do
To buy their wives and children food,
And clothes, and fuel too?
Poor things! I fear that they would die
For want, if none from them must buy."

"We only want them not to sell
The drunkard's poisoned cup,
Let them but banish drink, my child,
We ne'er would shut them up,
For strangers want some place to stay
For rest, and food, upon the way.

"The druggist must not poison sell
To woman, man, or child,
Without great care and caution, too;
Yet drink which is so styled,
Though really poison in disguise,
Is sold to ignorant and wise.

"Drink poisons morals, manners, health,
Brings want, disease, and death:
Makes husbands heartless; fathers, fiends;
Taints with a poisonous breath
Whatever comes within its range,
And loving hearts doth oft estrange.

"Good men in Britain seem to feel
That something must be done,
To close those houses, which do steal
Poor drunkards from their home.
I'm sure 'twill be a glorious day
When drinking shops are done away."

"Well, mother, now I think I know
Why you so often weep,
And why your step seems sad and slow,
And you no money keep,
Poor father takes it every day
To landlord John across the way.

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"I'm a member of the Band of Hope,
But there's another name
I've heard you mention once or twice,
When talking to Miss Blain,
Could I do anything in that?
What is the name? You have it pat."

"'ALLIANCE,' do you mean, my dear?"
"Yes, yes, I know it now,
But I'm too young, I almost fear,
Yet, mother, tell me how
A little girl like me can aid,
In ending all this wicked trade."

"Well, this I know, there's sold each week,
In village, city, town,
A paper called *The Alliance News*,
By thousands up and down,
To teach men *how*, and *why* they may,
Shut up those shops without delay.

"Good men, and great, and rich, and wise
Together have agreed,
To rid our country of its bane,
And have old England freed
From this sad blot upon her fame,
The selling *that* which leads to shame."

"Well, mother, I can sign my name,
If you should think it right,
And ask the Queen and Government
To shut those houses quite;
And if they ask the reason why,
I'll tell them how you weep and cry."

"My little girl must go to rest,
And on another day,
We'll talk the matter o'er again,
And then we'll find some way
By which a little girl can aid,
In putting down this wicked trade."

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THE PAUPER'S DEATHBED.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

TREAD softly—bow the head—
In rev'rent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly rev'rence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state,
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then—
The parting groan.

Oh! change—oh, wondrous change,
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonised—and now
Beyond the stars.

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

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THE COMPENSATION CRY.

E. C. A. ALLEN.

"Licensed victuallers had made a bargain with the country, which they had paid for, and if the country chose to deprive them of that license they must pay for it. He should look upon the forfeiture of a single licensed victualler's licence as an act of plunder, unless compensation were given. But it was urged there were too many licences. Who was to blame for that? Certainly not the licensed victuallers. They would be only too glad to have fewer competitors. The granting of licences was placed in the hands of the magistrates, and if the justices had not properly exercised their trust, that was no fault of the licensed victuallers.—*Speech of Mr. Bass, M.P. (the brewer), at Derby.*

BRITAIN'S eyes at length are open
To the ravages of drink;
Britain's voice in thunder speaking,
Bids her senators to think,
And in gravest consultation
To devise a speedy plan
Soon to rid our drink-cursed country
From this foe of God and man.

Close the drink shops! is the loud cry
That is heard on every side,
Gathering strength and rolling onward
Like an overwhelming tide;
Patriots—Christians—rise in thousands,
And with one consent demand—
Close the drink-shops! those black fountains
Of the misery of our land.

But in yielding tardy justice
To a nation's earnest cries,
There are questions of grave import
That before her rulers rise—
How to compensate the losers,
Who their gains so long have made
In this soul-destroying traffic,
This demoralising trade.

We are Britons—therefore just men;
Bright in honour sterling true;
We must see that none are injured,
We must give to all their due.

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Let us ask them what these claims are,
  Let us render what is right,
And to find due compensation,
  Follow reason's guiding light.

Have they been our benefactors?
  Can their noble deeds be told?
Are we better, richer, happier,
  For the drinks that they have sold?
Hark! from every rank and station,
  From sad hearts weighed down with woe,
Groaning 'neath their baneful influence,
  Comes one universal *NO!*

E'en the sober have been sufferers;
  They have had to pay the costs;
Scarce one family but suffers
  For some hapless wanderer lost:
Steady, busy men have laboured,
  And their hard-earned wages paid
To repair the frightful damage
  Caused by this unhallowed trade.

Bid it cease. All shall be gainers;
  E'en the pitied, losing few,
In the blessed, happy future
  Shall find better work to do,
Where, if profits may be smaller,
  And the labour somewhat more,
No foul blot shall stain the conscience,
  And God's love shall bless their store.

Let them taste the sweets of labour,
  Of the hand or of the brain;
This shall amply compensate them
  For the shame, and guilt, and pain,
That must burden heart and conscience
  As they feel before their God,
Guilty of their brothers' ruin—
  Traffickers in human blood.

Give them, too, God's precious Sabbath,
  'Tis their right and 'tis their due;
They have souls as well as bodies
  To refresh and to renew:

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Long in worse than Egypt's bondage,
By stern iron custom bound,
Break their chains—give them their rest days,
As the circling weeks roll round.

But reward them not with money
For the ruin they have wrought:
All the forms of outraged feeling
Start and shudder at the thought.
What! when taxes have been doubled,
Life held cheap, and bread made dear,
When workhouses, gaols, asylums,
Have been crowded year by year—
When our country hath been groaning
'Neath the ruins drink hath made,
Shall we pay the men who sold it—
Who the gilded man-traps laid?

Rather compensate the widow
O'er the drunkard's grave who bends;
Rather compensate the orphan,
Robbed by drink of earthly friends;
But expect us not to pay them,
Whose dark doings we deplore;
'Tis enough if we forgive them,
Bid them go and sin no more.

THE FIRST SORROW.

REINELM.

THE sun shone through the 'scutcheon'd panes
Of a baronial hall;
And flung their many-coloured stains
Upon the pictured wall,

Where in a stately room were seen
On tip-toe stealing through,
Two little forms, in tunics green,
With eyes of heavenly blue.

"Oh brother, brother! come and see—
Look at our sleepy bird—
Its fellows sing on every tree,
But yet it has not stirred.

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"Come, idle Dick, lift up your head,
The sun has long been up;
We're come to give you crumbled bread,
And fill your crystal cup;

"And then you'll sing that pretty song,
You sung to us last night—
To slumber now is very wrong,
The morning is so bright.

"What! sir? you will not ope your eye,
Or raise your heavy head!
Oh! fie for shame! when we are by!"
"Hush, brother—it is dead!"

"Dead! Willoughby! what made it die?
I've seen dead withered flowers—
They were all ugly, black, and dry,
Not like this bird of ours.

"It only sleeps—I'm sure 'twill wake;
I'll take it in my hand,
And move its little wings and make
Our idle Dickey stand."

His brother oped the gilded cage,
With deep and heaving breath—
Dread, awful word to youth or age,
He *felt* that there was *death*.

And then they sat them down and wept,
As they ne'er wept before—
For ah! they somehow knew it slept
To wake again no more!

Their little breasts, ere while so glad,
So full of buoyant glee,
Now filled with grief, forlorn, and sad,
They throbbed convulsively.

"My darling boys!—why thus distressed?"
Soft spake a lady fair—
They rushed to clasp that mother's breast,
And breathe their sorrows there.

And then she wiped their scalding tears,
And calmed their bitter grief;
They marked her words with earnest ears,
And childhood's pure belief.

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The while she told of happy lands
  Where *death* can never come,
Where angels walk in radiant bands
  With saints—a countless sum.

Their tears stood trembling on the lid,
  Their heavy sobs were stayed,
Their faces in her lap they hid,
  And hand in hand they prayed.

Then little Baldwin raised his head,
  Bright waved his shining hair,
"And will our pretty bird," he said,
  "Go with us, too, up there?"

THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

SOUTHEY.

THEY sin who tell us love can die,
  With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell:
Earthly these passions, as of earth,
They perish where they have their birth,
But love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there.

Oh, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
For day of woe, for anxious night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight!

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PERSEVERE.

TOIL on! The faint unsteadfast heart
No worthy end attains.
Toil on, if thou would'st claim a part
In manhood's glorious gains.
And when aweary of the strife,
Thy fainting soul to cheer,
Take thou this word for rule of life,
And motto—"Persevere."

Failure is for the false and weak,
Not for the true and strong;
They rarely fail to find who seek
Persistently and long.
Though tempests gather for awhile,
Go on, and do not fear;
The clouds will break, and heaven will smile
On those who persevere.

MY FIRST GUINEA.

REV. DR. VAUGHAN.

I WELL remember, when I was very young, possessing for the first time a guinea. I remember too that this circumstance cost me no little perplexity and anxiety. As I passed along the streets, the fear of losing my guinea induced me oftentimes to take it out of my pocket to look at it. First I put it in one pocket, then I took it out and put it in another; after a while I took it out of the second pocket and placed it in another, really perplexed what to do with it.

At length my attention was arrested by a book-auction. I stepped in and looked about me. First one lot was put up, and then another, and sold to the highest bidder. At last I ventured to the table, just as the auctioneer was putting up the "History of the World," in two large folio volumes. I instantly thrust my hand into my pocket, and began turning

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over my guinea, considering all the while whether I had money enough to buy this lot. The bidding proceeded; at last I ventured to bid too. "Halloo! my little man!" said the auctioneer, "What! not content with less than the world?" This remark greatly confused me, and drew the attention of the whole company toward me, who, seeing me anxious to possess the books, refrained from bidding against me; and so, "the World" was knocked down to me at a very moderate price.

How to get these huge books home was the next consideration. The auctioneer offered to send them, but I, not knowing what sort of creatures auctioneers were, determined to take them myself; so, after the assistant had tied them up I marched out of the room with these huge books upon my shoulder, like Samson with the gates of Gaza, amid the smiles of all present.

When I reached my home, after the servant had opened the door, the first person I met was my now sainted mother.

"My dear boy," she said, "what have you got there? I thought you would not keep your guinea long."

"Do not be angry, mother," said I, throwing them down upon the table. "I have bought 'the World' for nine shillings!"

This was on Saturday, and I well remember sitting up till it was well-nigh midnight, turning over this "History of the World." These books became my delight, and were carefully read through and through.

As I grew older, I at length became a Christian, and my love of books, among other things, led me to desire to be a Christian minister. To the possession of these books I attribute, in a great measure, any honours that have been added to my name in connection with literature. I have not mentioned this anecdote to gratify any foolish feeling, but to encourage in all that love of literature which has afforded me such unspeakable pleasure—pleasure which I would not have been without for all the riches of the Indies.

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THE DRINK-FIEND.

A Ballad of the Nineteenth Century.

S. J. Stone, M.A.

HE saw the sun rise from the sea
When the sky was silver-grey,
And voices heard of breeze and bird
Herald the coming day:
And he said, "There is joy in earth and heaven,
When the shadows flee away,
And my heart responds with a gladder love
For man below and for God above!"

In azure space ere long he saw
The meridian chariot roll;
And to dim the glory of its course,
Not a cloud from pole to pole!
And he said, "This majesty of light
Doth reach into my soul;
Not a cloud shall dim my light of love
For man below and for God above!"

And later he watched the parting rays,
At the fall of the eventide,
A glow upon hills, and woods, and waves,
Before him far and wide!
And he said, "It is fair, and my heart is bright
With the glow of a noble pride,
And it thrills to its depths with a quicker love
For man below and for God above!"

He saw the moon reign queen in heaven
Or ere the midnight fell,
And sound heard none, save that sweet one,
As it had been a spell
Wrought by the lonely nightingale
From the thorn-tree in the dell—
And he said, "My heart o'erflows with love
For man below and for God above!"

Then turning away, as he went to his rest,
He cried, "'Tis a glorious land,
And surely it is for righteous deeds
That ever at God's command,
At morn, night, noon, and at eventide,
By some blessed angel band,
Are scattered these guerdons of peace and love
Unto man below from his God above."

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So he went to his rest. Then the moon sank down
And the darkness grew more deep;
He slept, but a ghostly influence seemed
To trouble the breath of his sleep;
And his ears seemed filled with the distant wail
Of those who suffer and weep:—
Then suddenly up, through the window-bars
He was borne like a spirit, beneath the stars.

He was 'ware of a Presence he could not see,
Of a Voice that no other might hear:
A Presence of power, and a Voice of awe,
But neither for hate nor fear:
Irresistible Power o'er the heart and the will,
A Voice very low on his ear,
But strong as the earthwaves' soundless roll
To be *felt* in the innermost depths of his soul.

The Power led on, and the Voice said, "Come,
Behold thy glorious land!
Behold the shame of thy vaunting heart,
The shame of thine idle hand;
And hear if there comes not a summons to thee
To work or to withstand!
And answer the call by the truth of thy love
For man below and for God above!"

Like a ghost was he led from the place of his sleep
O'er plain and valley and hill,
And it seemed that days and weeks sped by,
And the glamour was over him still;
And a thousand spectacles rose and passed
At the beck of that ruling will:
And the tale of each scene, as he saw it, became
On his memory written in letters of flame.

And ever the Voice of that guiding Power
Mournfully fell on his ear,
"Each hateful sight that thine eyes shall see
Of ruin, of shame, or of fear;
Each sound of suffering, strife, or sin
That thine ears shall loathe to hear,
Is the work of a Fiend—and these doings of ill,
For all that *thou* doest, he doeth at will!"

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And ever it added at sound and scene,
"Is this thy glorious land?
Behold the shame of thy vaunting heart,
The shame of thine idle land!
And hear if there comes not a summons to thee
To work or to withstand!
And answer the call by the truth of thy love
For man below and for God above!"

And first was he brought 'neath a cottage roof
That stood by an open wold,
The walls were bare, and here and there
The skeleton rafters old
Stared out from its sides, and beside the hearth
Three children shook in the cold:
Shivered in rags, for fire there was none,
And the clothing of three was too little for one.

Through broken window and fissured wall
The chill wind whistled keen;
And there by the hearth they were huddled, as though
Where the warm glow *once* had been
'Twere surely less cold: and a mute despair
In their heavy eyes could be seen;
They were hungry and cold, but they dared not cry
For terror of her on the bed hard by.

For terror of her!—their mother: O God,
It seemeth a blasphemy!
A mother the dread of the babes she bare!
'Twas a piteous sight to see
How the children quaked if she suddenly moved
In her drunken lethargy;
But the Fiend had their mother, and they knew well
That she was unmothered beneath his spell.

He passed from this scene with that voice in his ear,
"Is this thy glorious land?
Behold the shame of thy vaunting heart,
The shame of thine idle hand!
Now hear if there is not a summons to thee
To work or to withstand!
And answer the call by the truth of thy love
For man below and for God above!"

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Then he stood by the crowd of a village street
Where hundreds gathered round two:
Two friends had they been in the days that were past,
Strong, and loving, and true;
But the Drink-Fiend came with his damnable wiles,
And a sudden quarrel grew,
And they strove—until one rose alone from the strife,
And his right hand was red with his brother's life.

Then he stood in a city's crowded ways,
And the loaded cars rolled by,
And the deep dull roar of the city was pierced
By a sudden and terrible cry;
Then a groan—then a silence ghastlier still—
Then the crowd said pityingly,
"'Twas a sad mischance!" But the Voice said, "Nay,
'Tis the Fiend that hath gotten that life away!"

These scenes passed by, and again was he led
Through a vine-clad cottage door:
Fair was it placed—green hills behind,
Sweet meadow lands before:
But within was Poverty's dreariest touch
Upon roof, and wall, and floor,
And Famine looked wild in the children's eyes,
And Disease had got him an easy prize.

And a mother was there, not a drunkard she,
Yet a woman worn and wan:
She had once been happy and fair, but her joy
And her beauty alike were gone,
And sad was the desolate angry look
That her eyes upraised anon
As a man through the tottering door reeled in,
In the shamelessness of his shame and sin.

Husband and father! his wife and his home
And his little ones loved he well,
Until, like the serpent in Eden of old,
This Fiend of the nethermost hell
From the dear love of Home and the bright hope of Heaven
Drew him forth by degrees, and he fell,
Fell, fell—to his ruin and theirs—till he lay
Dishonoured, degraded, and lost, as this day.

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In he reeled: and she—from her wasted heart
The fresh tears would not run—
So she spake bitter words, and he turned him round,
And answer gave her none,
But the axe that was near fitted quick to his mind,
And then—O God!—it was done!
And *her* death-shriek wild was blent with the cry
Of other lives in *their* agony.

Fair was it without—meadow-lands before,
And the low green hills behind,
And the scent of the flowers and the songs of the birds
Came sweet on the passing wind:
But within the Drink-Fiend reigned alone,
And he laughed as he sat enshrined!
For a murdered wife and her children four
And a suicide reddened that cottage floor.

And ever the Voice said mournfully,
"Is this thy glorious land?
O shame to the pride of thy vaunting heart!
O shame to thine idle hand!
Is there no summons herein to thee
To work and to withstand?
Then answer its call by the truth of thy love
For man below and for God above!"

Then he saw a little babe put to its sleep,
O mother! your darling was fair;
O father! the promise was grand on its brow,
You were proud as you marked it there!
O brothers and sisters! so pure were its smiles,
You grew purer yourselves unaware!—
But the Fiend lured the nurse, and the babe, overlain,
To its promise and beauty woke never again.

He was shown in street, and alley, and lane,
Men, women, and babes forlorn;
One man's sorrow and pity to see,
Another's disgust and scorn;
All wretched,—*some wicked*, from want and woe,
And some with sickness worn,
"Behold," cried the Voice, while the numbers grew,
"This is the Drink-Fiends retinue!"

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But another sight in the streets he saw,
And a sadder sight I ween,
Fair forms, some decked in fair array,
And faces fair were seen;
But the beauty all blasted for lack of one pearl,
So pure as it once had been!
"This ruin," he heard, "hath the Drink-Fiend done,
And he finisheth that which he hath begun!"

Not once or twice, but a thousand times,
And a thousand times again,
Saw he scenes such as these, till it seemed he had passed
Through ages of horror and pain:
In village and city he found the Fiend,
On hill, and valley, and plain,
Till he cried, "Have mercy, my soul within
Is sick of the ruin, and sorrow, and sin!

"Have mercy, my mind is changed," he said,
"O Thou that guidest me!
And hearken my vow before Thee now,
If Thou wilt set me free,
I *will* do battle with this foul Fiend,
Whilst I can hear and see;
I will do battle, and prove my love
Unto man below and to God above!"

As he spake, that Presence, with sight and sound,
To pass away did seem;
And he lay alone, and the room was bright
With the sunny morning gleam
That flowed through the window-bars; and he said,
"Behold, I have dreamed a dream:
Even so, 'twas a dream, but a dream that is true,
And the sleeper that *dreamed* is but wakened to *do*."

"To do," he repeated, "against this Fiend!
And God will guide mine hand,
By the mercy which morn, night, noon, and even,
He shows to a sinful land:
In His love will I work for my fellow-man,
In His strength will I withstand!—
My brothers! who cometh to prove His love
Unto man below and to God above?"

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NOT YET TOO LATE!

F. H. Bowman, F.R.A.S.

BROTHER! it is not yet too late to turn,
However far astray thy feet have trod,
There is a pathway open to thy God,
And His strong love doth still for sinners yearn.
Courage and patience!—and thou yet shalt learn,
Though hard the struggle, conquest may be thine,
And through His grace thy light and life may shine
Yet once again, for others to discern.
No depth so deep, but Christ can lift thee up:
O cast the weight which hinders thee aside!
The Tempter flee, and leave the glittering cup,
And in the Lord alone for strength confide.
For thee shall dawn at last a better day,
And Christ Himself shall wipe thy sin away.

A MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE.

W. Calvert.

WHAT can a mother's heart repay,
In after years,
For watchful night and weary day
Beside the cradle passed away,
And anxious tears?—
To see her dear ones tread the earth
In life and health, and childish mirth.

What can a mother's heart repay
For later care,
For words that heavenward point the way,
For counsel against passion's sway,
And earnest prayer!—
To watch her little pilgrims press
Along the road to holiness.

This will a mother's heart repay,
If that loved band,
Amidst life's doubtful battle-fray,
By grace sustained, shall often say,
"Next to God's hand,
All of true happiness we know,
Mother, to thy dear self we owe."

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THE PUBLICAN'S SPECIMEN.

REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

A VERY earnest, shrewd friend of mine was passing a gin shop in Manchester one day, when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors, when all his money was gone. In a moment the gentleman hastened across the street, and, entering a grocer's shop, addressing the master, said:

"Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?"

"What for, my friend? What's the matter?"

"Oh! you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the very largest sheet you have."

The sheet of paper was soon procured.

"Now, will you lend me a piece of chalk?"

"Why, *whatever* are you going to do?"

"You shall see presently."

He then quickly printed in large letters:

"*SPECIMEN OF THE WORK DONE INSIDE.*"

He then fastened the paper right over the drunken man, and retired a short distance. In a few minutes several passers-by stopped and read aloud, "*Specimen of the work done inside.*"

In a very short time a crowd assembled, and the publican, hearing the noise and laughter outside, came to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded, in an angry voice, "Who did that?"

"Which?" asked the gentleman, who now joined the crowd: "If you mean what is on the paper, I did *that;* but if you mean the MAN, *you* did *that.* This morning, when he arose, he was sober,—when he walked down this street, on his way to work, he was sober,—when he went into your gin-shop he was sober, and *now* he is what *you* made him. Is he not a true specimen of the work done inside?"

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OLD AND NEW.

W. MACMILLAN.

THE old year has left us at last,
We parted with scarcely a sigh;
We would not mourn over the past,
But buried in peace let it lie.
The new year has come and the bells
Ring welcome with iron-tongued glee,
Sweet music that says, as it swells,
"A Happy New Year unto thee!"

The old year has gone, but its cares
Leave shadows upon our hearts yet,
O! think of the wheat—not the tares,
And learn to forgive and forget.
Sufficient of troubles will come,
So long as we sojourn down here;
And you, my dear friends, will have some,
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The old year caused many a sigh,
But healthy and happy to-day,
Sad memories let us bid fly,
And cheerfully go on our way;
For now that the new year has come,
Why should we court sorrow and fear?
Ask God, for a blessing on home,
He'll send us a Happy New Year.

The old year has gone with the rest,
And now it is with us no more;
The new year may turn out your best,
E'en though you've seen more than three-score.
The new year prompts many to say
Henceforth they will keep conscience clear,
God give them the will and the way,
And send them a Happy New Year.

The old year has gone—let it go!
God blot out its record of sins!
Let's go to our duties, and know
To-day a new volume begins.
What shall the new volume comprise
Of joy, sorrow, hope, or of fear?
The answer with each of us lies;
God send us a Happy New Year!

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BE FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

E. J. Oliver.

BE faithful and true to your colours, my boys,
No matter what foes may assail;
Be valiant and patient, and hold to the right,
And the cause you espouse shall prevail;
For the false and the base cannot flourish or live
By the side of the honest and just;
So take your stand firmly, through sunshine and storm,
And conquer you shall, and you must.

Be faithful and true to your colours, my boys,
Though dangers may stand in the way,
Go forward, nor swerve from your duty one jot,
Though traitors should turn and betray;
The past may look cheerless, the present may frown,
And the future be hid from your view,
But fortune shall smile, and the shadows shall flee,
If you only be faithful and true.

Be faithful and true to your colours, my boys,
Though mighty your foemen may be,
For right shall be might ere the close of the fight,
And its triumph we surely shall see;
The truth is advancing with powerful strides,
And its glory shall spread far and wide,
And the man that is faithful and true to his flag
Shall be victor, whatever betide.

WHAT I LOVE BEST.

I LOVE the blue sky,
Where pretty birds fly,
And morning's bright beauty as well;
I love the fresh air,
That blows without care,
And many more things I could tell.

I love the warm sun,
And busy bee's hum,
And walks up the grassy green hills;
I love the fair flowers,
And sunshining showers,
And water that comes from the rill.

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I love the tall trees
That wave in the breeze,
And daisies and butter-cups too;
I love open day,
And beautiful May,
And all that light brings to my view.
But something beside,
Quite close to my side,
More lovely and precious I call;
'Tis darling Mamma,
And dear good Papa,
I love, and I love more than all.
But oh! there is One
More bright than the sun—
More passing fair than the rest;
'Tis Jesus, who shed
His blood in my stead,
Oh! should I not love Him the best?

THE TWO ROADS.

RICHTER.

IT was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He mournfully raised his eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself were moving towards their inevitable doom—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

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He looked towards the sky, and cried out, in his anguish: "O, youth, return! O, my father, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes, and then disappear. "Such," he said, "were the days of my wasted life!" He saw a star shoot from heaven, and vanish in the darkness athwart the church-yard. "Behold an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honoured on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth did return; for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his errors only were no dream. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed, and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountains, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O, youth, return! O, give me back my early days!"

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TOM'S COFFIN.

W. MACMILLAN.

TOM CHERRY used to take a drop,
And often rather more,
But then he did not care to stop,
Till he was "half-seas o'er."
He thought a cup of cider nice,
But it made him so blind;
He'd sell his fish below their price,
And think the buyers kind.

In public-houses, half the day,
He'd waste his cash and time;
And oft at ev'ning he would stay
And call the liquor prime.
But when the Templars came along,
Tom soon began to think,
If they are right then I am wrong,—
Ought I to give up drink?

He thought, and thought, at last he said—
"I very plainly see
'Twill save me oft an aching head,
A Templar I will be."
He join'd the lodge and soon became
The sport of drinking slaves,
Who sought to make of him their game;
Poor, stupid, tippling knaves!

"A Coffin, Tom, you'll quickly need,
You look so thin and pale;
You'll kill yourself, you will indeed—
If you give up your ale."
But Tom was staunch, and bold, and true,
And heeded not their joke;
He bade them be Good Templars too
And join the sober folk.

"As for a Coffin, you will see
I'll get one by and bye;
A Coffin's just the thing for me,
Tho' I don't mean to die."
Thus months roll'd on with laugh and jeer,
While Tom improved in health;
The cash he used to spend on beer,
He put aside by stealth.

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At length, a handsome cart, one day,
Stood in the market-place,
With bunch of cherries ripe and gay,
Its painted sides to grace.
"Tom Cherry, whose fine cart is that?"
Enquired a drinking lout;
"My COFFIN!" answered Tom quite pat,
"You used to chaff about."

The tippler hung his aching head,
But Tom began to grin,
"'Tis my turn now to laugh," he said,
"For they must laugh who win.
Give up the drink and you may get
A Coffin good as mine;
'Twill keep you from disgrace and debt,
If you will go and sign."

A LITTLE BOY'S SPEECH.

W. A. EATON.

I AM but a little boy,
But I know a little song,
I would sing it here to-night,
Only it is rather long;
I will say a speech instead,
Though I am not very tall,
I have got it in my head,
But I shall forget it all
If you laugh at me, so mind
You must all sit very still,
When I've finished you will say
"Very good, young Master Will!"

I have signed the Temperance pledge,
And I mean to keep it too!
I drink water pure and bright,
And its good enough for you;
I can play without strong drink,
Papa works without it now;
Papa's work is hard, I think,
Mamma works hard, anyhow.
Mothers, fathers, girls, and boys,
Sign the pledge this very day;
Then you'll know true Temperance joys,—
That's all I have got to say.

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GRANDFATHER.

MARIE RADCLIFFE BUTLER.

GRANDFATHER'S old, and his children said
That seventy winters have whitened his head;
But we think, that seventy summers' skies
Have left their sunshine in Grandfather's eyes;
And the sunny light of them all appears
When Grandfather speaks of his seventy years.

While his form is withered, and bent, and thin,
His dear old heart is all warmth within;
And you see where the smiles have left their trace,
In the lines that wrinkle his dear old face;
Could you only hear the tales he has told.
You would think it was grand to be growing old.

Grandfather's life has not always been
Free from sorrow and toil and sin;
He had his troubles, and bore them too,
And the One helped him who is helping you;
He toiled for knowledge and fought for truth,
And kept for his age the heart of his youth.

We love his tales of the long-ago,
For Grandfather's stories are true, we know.
We shout when he tells, how, in sorest need,
He fought the giant of selfish greed,
And on through his boyhood and youth and prime
Ran wonderful races with Life and Time.

Grandfather's happy and wise and good,
Yet he's not done all that he thought he would
When he dreamed and planned what his life should be,
Before he was Grandpa, and we were we;
But life is not made of such wonderful things,
And the best men on earth are not heroes and kings.

Grandfather never was rich, but you see
He divided with friends who were poorer than he;
When you ask about money, he'll tell you he's lent
A fortune so large, it can never be spent,
He means it is lent to the Lord, but I'm sure
It was used to buy Bibles and food for the poor.

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Grandfather says that his old eyes are dim,
And we know that the angels are waiting for him;
But the children will cry with the bitterest pain
When he leaves his arm-chair and his hat and his cane,
And starts out to seek, with an angel to guide,
His mansion that's built where his treasures abide.

And we know he will find it; but oh, if he should!
With no Grandpa to help us, how can we be good?
But he tells us he learned, through his seventy years,
We only grow better with striving and tears:
We shall not reach heaven with wishes or wings,
But climb up on stairs of the commonest things.

A BIRD IN THE HAND WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

LANGBEIN.

THERE are two little songsters well known in the land;
There names are *I-have* and *O-had-I*;
I-have will come tamely and perch on your hand,
But *O-had-I* will mock you most sadly.

I-have, at first sight, is less fair to the eye,
But his worth is by far more enduring
Than a thousand *O-had-I's*, that sit far and high,
On roofs and on trees, so alluring.

Full many a golden egg this bird will lay,
And sing you "Be cheery! be cheery!"
O, merrily, then, will the day glide away,
And sweet shall your sleep be, when weary.

But let an *O-had-I* just once take your eye,
And a longing to catch him once seize you,
He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die;
Life-long he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill,
Now racing, now panting and creeping;
While far overhead, this sweet bird, at his will,
With his golden plumage is sweeping.

Then ev'ry wise man, who attends to my song,
Will count his *I-have* a choice treasure,
And, whene'er an *O-had-I* comes flying along,
Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

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THE PILLARS OF DRUNKENNESS.

A Dialogue, by William Hoyle, Manchester.

CHARACTERS:

Honest Sam.....A Teetotaler.
John Barrell.....A Publican.
Sir Benjamin Humphreys.....Member of Parliament.
Dr. Bolus.....A Physician.

SAM. We live in an age o' vexation;
Surrounded wi sorrow and shame—
Theer's a vast deal at's rung in eawr nation,
An aw think wi should know who to blame.
Theer's th' prison, poorhouse, an asylum,
Cramm'd full o' folks vile, sick, an mad—
They wur sent theer through drinks at defile um;
They'd be reet if no drink could be had.
Now aw know human nature's defective,
An we'n o' much to bear in eawr time,
But awm willin to be a detective
If aw con but show th' cause o' much crime;

[*Enter* John Barrell.]

Here, Barrell, aw caw thee a robber!
Tha'lt do owt to fill thi own purse—
While *aw* try to make people sober,
Thy liquors spread nowt but a curse.

Barr. Aw sell drink to comfort mi nabur;
Aw consider aw help th' public good—
When a mon has coom whoam from his labour
There's nowt like a glass o' fine brew'd.

Of course ther isn't, an aw meon to sell as long as aw con; yo teetotalers may tawk as yo will, but aw consider ut publicans are great benefactors to society—we provide folks wi best accommodation—splendid rooms—attractive music—fine sparklin ales—in fact, everything to delight folks at like to enjeigh life!

Sam. Tha helps folks into th' gaol an th' poorhouse—that's way tha accommodates um—tha accommodates magistrates an police wi findin um plenty o' work—tha acommodates

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honest, sober folk wi makin um pay enormous taxes—tha accommodates th' drunkard's wife wi a broken hert, blighted hopes, an a whoam o' wretchedness, an his childer wi ignorance, destitution, an misery—shame on thi! Wheer dost expect tha'lt go to when tha dees—heaven? Nay; they'll none ha thee theer aw know, unless tha'rt greatly altered. It's no use o' thee going to Church o' Sunday and makin a sham o' religion while thar poisoning and ruining folk body an soul wi drink ut tha sells seven days in th' week!

BARR. Howd on! If a chap spends o' his brass i drink, it's not my fault is it?

SAM. Why, who's fault is it? Dozn't tha coax um in wi thi gilded rooms an fine music till they'n just got two or three glasses in um, an tha knows tha's got um reet then—just like th' spider catches silly flies—aye, Owd Barrell!—but howd on a bit, we'll storm thi garrison when we get th' Permissive Bill. (*Exit* Barrel.) Hi, tha may well go owd croaker!

[*Enter* HUMPHREYS—*loquitor.*]

The friend of the people am I—
I stand up for truth, I defend age and youth—
Advancing their interest and welfare forsooth—
'Tis an object so noble and high.

SAM. Awve summat to say to thee. If a bill were browt into Parliment to stop th' sale o' gin—an o' kind o' liquors ut lead men to sin—on which side would thy voting be?

HUMPH. I'm a lover of liberty dear.
Such a bill I'd oppose,
Though I'd ten thousand foes—
For it never would do every gin-shop to close—
And rob a poor man of his beer.

SAM. Liberty, aye! Thar a bonny M.P. to talk o' liberty. Dost think tha should have liberty to put thi hond into my pocket and tay part o' my wages at awve worked hard for, eh?

HUMPH. O, no; I only speak of liberty to do what is right.

SAM. Well, then, how con that be *politically* reet, or even expedient, which is *morally* wrong?

HUMPH. What do you mean, sir?

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SAM. Aw meon what aw say—strong drink is a poison—opposed to man's physical and moral nature—a foe to religion and every good work—and a mighty barrier to o' social progress. Con tha deny it? Tha knows it's true. Well, then, how con selling drink be *politically* reet if it is *morally* wrong, eh? Dost think it's *politically* reet to destroy eight million quarters o' God's good grain every year to make liquid poison ut sends 60,000 yearly to a drunkard's grave?

HUMPH. But, stay; what should we do if it were not for the revenue obtained from the consumption of intoxicating drinks?

SAM. Do? Why, tha should say *What couldn't we do* if we got bowt th' drink traffic! We should save five million a yer ov a pauper tax—four millions now spent in connection with crime caused by drink—one million thro' lessening o' disease an accident—one million wi securing property from plunder; besides we should have an enormous increase i' trade an commerce—food would be cheaper—we should multiply th' arts an products at minister to th' real wants an comforts o' society by turning a vast amount o' *destructive* labour into a *productive* channel. Tawk about revenue, why, mon, wi'd be able to save as much in a few yer ut would pay off th' national debt! What dost say, will tha vote for th' Permissive Bill?

HUMPH. I will think it over, sir.

SAM. Think; ther wants no thinkin abowt it—it's as plain as a pike-staff. If tha dozn't decide soon we'll put a better mon i' thi place next election. (*Exit* Humphreys.)

[*Enter* BOLUS.]

BOLUS. How happy is he who, amid earthly strife, doth live in obedience to nature's just laws!

SAM. Here, Bolus, *tha* knows a thing or two, now just tell mi what tha thinks about alcohol?

BOLUS. Why, alcohol, sir, is both medicine and food—the invaluable friend of poor mortals below.

SAM. Thar a bonny professor, to call a thing "good" ut produces disease, sorrow, madness, and woe! Look here,

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now,—if tha wanted to make thy horse strong would tha give it alcohol?

Bolus. It would be madness to attempt to feed horses on alcohol. I should as soon think of making mine grow strong by spurring and lashing it every day.

Sam. Then alcohol operates upon a mon just as a spur or a lash would upon a horse?

Bolus. Well, to be honest, sir, it really does. I must admit that *alcohol* is an agent utterly foreign to the human body and its normal wants; one that never *gives power* like food, nor *aids circulation* like water, nor *produces heat* like oil, nor *purifies* like fresh air, nor helps *elimination* like exercise—an agent the sole, perpetual, and inevitable effects of which are to arrest blood-development, to retain waste matter, to irritate mucous and other tissue, to thicken normal juices, to impede digestion, to lower animal heat, to deaden nervous filament, to *kill* molecular life, and to waste, through the excitement it creates in heart and head, the grand controlling *forces* of the nerves and brain.

Sam. Bravo, Bolus! Will tha come an give us a teetotal scientific lectur at eawr skoo next Band of Hope meetin, to illustrate what tha's just said?

Bolus. Don't press that question, if you please, sir; for it is one thing to be honestly convinced, and another thing to act up to that conviction. What I said about alcohol was to you in confidence; it is a doctor's interest to keep his patients in ignorance, for if doctors were to publish the truth about alcohol, the people would abandon the drink, and as a consequence there would be little or no need of doctors!

Sam. We could afford to pension o' th' doctors off then, couldn't we, if people would turn water drinkers? But, here, Bolus, let me understond thi; does tha act up to honest conviction, by reducing thi faith to practice? Does tha advise thi patients to be teetotalers?

Bolus. Of course not! That would be ruinous to my profession. No, no; never recommend teetotalism, never. I must have an eye to business at all times. To you I have

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spoken the *truth, honestly ;* but, you observe, when I speak to my patients *professionally*, I pronounce alcohol to be "both medicine and food—the invaluable friend of poor mortals below!"

SAM. Well, if that's th' sort of a doctor tha are, Bolus, aw wouldn't trust a cat o' moine i' thi surgery.

BOLUS. I mean, sir——

SAM. Now, Bolus, aw know what tha meons very weel;
Tha meons to get money bi ways smooth or roof;
Tha gulls o' thi patients wi peawder an' pill,
Then wi porter an' brandy tha finishes um off.
Tha sends um to th' londlord, *he* sends um to thee;
Wi' liquors they're peighs'nt, wi' medicine they're drugged;
Thus theawsands, misguided, soon languish an' dee,
An' tha laughs to see um so noicely humbugged.

That's a subloime loife to live, isn't it? Why, sitch men as thee owt to be tried for wilful murder! There's bin monny a better mon hung aw know!

BOLUS. Good day, sir; I have an important case in hand, and must leave you. (*Exit* Bolus.)

SAM. Case! aye, tha'll make it a case for th' sexton afore tha's done wi' it. Professors of the healin' art! eh, *killin art*, it should be! It's enoof to disgust ony mon o' common sense. Aw wouldn't gie sixpence a gross for sitch doctors! Aw see who's to blame, now, for o' this misery an' crime uts produced bi drink. Eawr statesmen are responsible for th' drink laws; londlords sell th' drink; doctors recommend it; an' moderate drinkers make it fashionable an' respectable. Aye," theer they are: londlord, M.P., doctor, an' moderate drinker. It's these ut we mun blame, for they'n aw got a finger i'th' pie. Tawk abeawt preichin an' tawkin men sober! we met as weel try to reach th' moon wi' a yard stick as try to reform th' nation bi moral suasion! As fast as we make one teetotaler, th' devil makes another drunkard; so we met as weel aw goo in for th' Permissive Bill, at wonst, for theer's nowt but that ut ull reform society, an' fix eawr soshul system on a proper basis.

(The End.)

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WE WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

PAUL ROCKFORD.

HOARY Winter so old,
With his breath blowing cold,
Has wither'd the flower and the tree;
Yet the robin redbreast
More gaily is drest,
And as merry as ever sings he.
So we laugh away
Quite as happy to-day
As if summer were smiling with cheer,
And as merrily sing
As the lark on the wing,
While we wish you a happy New Year.

Though we're thoughtless and gay
We've got something to say,
And the old folks we're going to scold;
Though of course you will smile
When the youth of our isle
Try to give an advice to the old.
But if *old folks* will drink,
Why the *young folks* they think
That their folly and danger are clear;
So we then do implore
That you now give it o'er,
Whilst we wish you a happy New Year.

We have vow'd that we'll not
In the drink of the sot
Seek the pleasure that leadeth to pain,
And we think it is right
We should try all our might
To get all that we can to abstain.
But you may, if you choose,
Join the drunken carouse,
You will only find sorrow, we fear.
Oh! it's nonsense to think
That we must take to drink,
Whilst we wish you a happy New Year.

As the year passeth by
'Neath the dark wintry sky,
We are told as time hasteth away,
That to those who do right
There is sunshine at night,
And in winter the gladness of May.

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So then we laugh away
Quite as happy to-day
As if summer were smiling with cheer,
And as merrily sing
As the lark on the wing,
Whilst we wish all a happy New Year.

EARLY TRAINING AND TEACHING.

MOTHER! watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed, and hall;
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost,
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand,
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay;
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this heavy task?"
These same little hands may prove,
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue,
Prattling eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung,
By the happy joyous child;
Catch the word while yet unspoke,
Stop the vow while yet unbroke,
This same tongue may yet proclaim,
Blessings in the Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you,
Wholesome lessons now impart,
Keep, oh, keep that young heart true;
Well up-rooting ev'ry weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

(*From "School Music." London: Ward & Co.*

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THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

JAMES HENRY.

FROM the signs of the times take a lesson, I pray,
For which, be assured, you have nothing to pay;
There are sermons in stones, says a quaint old divine,
The same we may find in a publican's sign.

There's the sign of the "Fleece," into which if you go,
Its practical meaning you shortly will know;
For, when fleeced of your money and all you possess,
There's not the least chance of obtaining redress.

The "Hospital Tavern" says plainly to all
That the drink and disease are within easy call;
For the healthy man's weaker, the weak man is worse
If he handles or tastes of the treacherous curse.

There's the "Union Vaults," to the poorhouse it leads,
Where many a poor drunkard repents of his deeds;
Bewailing his folly in entering a place
That has brought him to poverty, shame, and disgrace.

There's the "Cemetery Vault," that plainly doth say
To the churchyard and grave, "You can pass through this way;"
A way by which thousands have passed through before,
Whose premature end their survivors deplore.

There's the "White Horse" of death, and the "Black Horse" of hell,
Which of judgment and punishment strikingly tell,
Reminding each one of the words God has given—
"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven!"

And over each sign a red lamp is suspended,
To trap the unwary, no doubt, 'tis intended;
But, remember, where'er this red lamp throws its sheen,
'Tis a signal to warn you of dangers unseen.

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YOU ASK ME HOW I LIVE.

JOSEPH HOBBINS.

LIVING friendly, feeling friendly,
Acting fairly to all men,
Seeking to do that to others
They may do to me again,
Hating no man, scorning no man,
Wronging none by word or deed:
But forbearing, soothing, serving,
Thus I live—and this my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contemning,
Is of little Christian use,
One soft word of kindly peace
Is worth a torrent of abuse;
Calling things bad, calling men bad,
Adds but darkness to their night,
If thou wouldst improve thy brother
Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt and known how bitter
Human coldness makes the world,
Ev'ry bosom round me frozen,
Not an eye with pity pearl'd;
Still my heart with kindness teeming
Glads when other hearts are glad,
And my eyes a tear-drop findeth
At the sight of others sad.

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret
For our happiness like this;
Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones,
Blessing ever bringeth bliss;
Lend a helping hand to others,
Smile though all the world should frown,
Man is man—we all are brothers,
Black or white or red or brown.

Man is man through all gradations,
Little recks it where he stands,
How divided into nations,
Scattered over many lands;
Man is man by form and feature,
Man by vice and virtue too,
Man in all one common nature
Speaks and binds us brothers true.

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CHARLEY RIVERS' CHOICE.

JOHN RICHARD KAIGHIN.

'TIS sunny June: the birds are out
On every quivering leaf and bough;
And merry children with a shout
Through forest, aisle, and arcade go.

The glistening grass spreads far and wide,
And graceful fern and flower bright;
And rippling like a sun-lit tide,
Fair corn-fields stretch far out of sight.

They rambled on in harmless glee,
Past wood and vale and meadow gay;
Thro' scented lane where bluebells free
Tossed heads at lilies o'er the way,

Till close beside the ivied church
Emerged to view a farmstead old,
Where sable jackdaw made a perch,
And chattered garrulous and bold.

Hither the children bounding came;
Fair girls whose cheeks were glowing red,
And boisterous boys with fun aflame,
To sport and merry frolic wed.

Loud were the welcomes that arose,
And many voices greeting made;
The tide of pleasure swells and grows,
High merriment o'er all hearts swayed.

The afternoon flies swift away,
The youthful guests obey the call,
And from their romping and their play
Assemble in the quaint old hall.

The festal board is richly spread,
Freely the wine is handed round;
And "Drink," the smiling hostess said,
"My youthful friends in duty bound,

"Drink ye, and toast your playmate's health,
Whose birthday here ye celebrate;
Long life and happiness and health
Be his; may honours on him wait."

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Right rapturously the guests obey,
The foaming glass, each eager drains
With shout, good wishes, and hurrah;
Save one, whose glass untouched remains.

"What! Charley Rivers, drink you not
In honour of my boy, your friend?"
The hostess cried, while to the spot
The eyes of all the guests attend.

And one did sneer "Oh, Charley's one
Of those deluded water folk;"
And poured contempt his head upon
Who flushing sat, nor moved nor spoke.

"Come Charley," said a bright-eyed girl,
"Drink from my hand, or here I vow
I'll never be your playmate more,
Come, drink for me this sweet wine now."

"Drink, drink it up," the guests all cried,
"'Tis sweet and rich and good, you know;
Your foolish promise cast aside,
Your good respect and wishes show."

"Come, Charley Rivers, drink it up,"
The hostess cried with angry mien;
"For my sake drink, if but one sup,"
Said he whose health had toasted been.

The gibes and sneers had ceased; all stood
Watching the quivering lip and eye;
And marvelling at his stubborn mood,
And wishing that he would comply.

"Drink instantly, or else retire,"
The hostess cried, "no more delay;"
His neighbour held the glass up higher,
But Charley rose, pushed it away,

And said "Not e'en for guests or thee
Will I my sacred pledge resign;
I'll gladly toast in water free
But never in the sparkling wine."

He bowed and left the room, nor e'er
Had reason to regret his choice;
For they who for their conscience dare,
Hear sweet and oft its praising voice.

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Succeeding years have found him true,
Revered and honoured is his name;
While his companion lost to view
Is covered with a felon's shame.

His mother crushed beneath the blow
And broken-hearted,—sadly hied
To where the daisies thickly grow.—
Her grave is by the green hillside.

Oh! hearkening youth, abjure the glass,
Let Charley Rivers' choice be thine;
And when they would the liquor pass,
Say "Never in the sparkling wine."

NEVER SMOKE TOBACCO.

NEVER smoke tobacco, boys,
Never chew, be brave and wise;
Never burn the curl'd cigar:
'Gainst such things wage constant war.
Never take the filthy snuff,
Show that you have sense enough,
Good and wholesome things to use,
While the evil you refuse.

Cause not others to complain,
In the house, or street, or train,
That for self alone you care,
While with smoke you taint the air;
Be not wasteful, slothful, base,
Bring not on your friends disgrace,
Flee from wicked company,
Choose the path of purity.

Would you rise to manhood true,
Virtue prize, and truth pursue;
As yourself your neighbour love,
Give your heart to God above.
Smoke not, drink not, snuff not, boys,
Ways like these will kill your joys;
Cheat not, swear not, nor begin
Gambling habits, full of sin.

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SPEECH OF A BAND OF HOPE BOY.

A. J. GLASSPOOL.

MR. CHAIRMAN, Ladies and Gentlemen.

I have been requested by our Secretary to address a few words to you this evening, and though I feel myself quite unable to speak on the important subject of total abstinence, I am sure you will kindly grant me your indulgence, while I endeavour to give you a few reasons why we consider total abstinence safer and better than even moderate drinking.

I need not occupy any of your time in speaking on the terrible evils resulting from indulgence in the intoxicating cup; those evils are too numerous to mention and they are around us on every hand.

It is a common expression among our judges that much of the crime of the country is caused through alcoholic liquors, and our magistrates are constantly deploring the numerous cases of drunkenness brought before them, while the black hearse is continually carrying to the grave some poor creature who through the drink has been brought to an early death.

That the evil exists is certain, even the publicans themselves admit it, and some of them are anxious to lessen the evil. What shall be done? What can be done? Many have been the schemes proposed and tried. Some have tried by a strict watch upon the public-house to lessen the evil, but the number of drunken men in our streets is as numerous as ever. Some suggest better homes for the working-classes and good education for the children, but the evil of intoxication does not only exist among the poor and the ignorant, it exists to an alarming extent among the educated and the rich. Many and various have been the attempts to rid our land of this great evil but all have failed, and ladies and gentlemen, why have they failed?

They have failed because the drink itself was allowed to exist, and the public-houses still permitted to offer their tempting snares to the weak and the foolish. There are many

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who believe that the only way to cure the evil is to take away the cause, for while the cause continues the evil will continue also.

You are aware, Mr. Chairman, that it is the opinion of very many enlightened men, that the only safe and certain cure for the evil of drunkenness is total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

This is the practice that the children of our numerous Bands of Hope carry out and upon which they thrive so well.

Ladies and gentlemen. You will, I am sure, forgive me when I say that I believe it is quite possible for all persons to adopt our practice. It cannot be denied that total abstainers enjoy the best of health, and are able to do the hardest work, and to endure all the changes of climate—without suffering even so much as those who drink. If you look to the Arctic Regions we see six brave men in the late expedition who in the very palace of the Ice Monarch carried out our practice, and were able to do more work and suffer more hardships than those who drank.

If we look to Africa, we see the late Dr. Livingstone toiling among the heathen, and enduring all the dangers and troubles of his journeys without the aid of the drink.

We see Sir Henry Havelock in India fighting as few soldiers have ever fought, and still holding fast to the pledge. And many more might be mentioned, but time is short. But, ladies and gentlemen, perhaps you will say, What about the doctors? Can we keep our pledge in times of sickness? Shall we not die earlier, and suffer more?

I would remind you that the Temperance Hospital is now making great way in the opinion of medical men. All diseases are treated and cured without the use of alcohol in any form whatever. I have but to mention the names of Sir Henry Thompson, Dr. Richardson, and Dr. Edmunds as a sufficient guarantee that the best of medical men are on our side.

Among statesmen we have many firm adherents to our cause. I will mention but two—John Bright, the friend of free trade, and Samuel Plimsoll, the sailor's champion.

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Among Ministers of all denominations, we have many who practise total abstinence, and are its warmest advocates. Allow me to mention the Bishop of Gloucester, the Rev. Newman Hall, and the Rev. J. P. Chown. Surely, ladies and gentlemen, the example of such men can be followed with safety and wisdom.

To one fact I am certain you will give your agreement—the drink is quite unnecessary for the children. The little ones are stronger, healthier, and happier without it.

Will you then allow your children to become members of the Band of Hope? Let them join our ranks, and in future years they will be ever thankful that you thus placed in their hands a shield to guard them against one of the greatest evils of the day.

BE KIND.

I WOULD not hurt a living thing,
  However weak or small;
The beasts that graze, the birds that sing,
  Our Father made them all,
Without whose notice, we have read,
  A sparrow cannot fall.

'Twas but the other day
  I met a thoughtless boy
Bearing a pretty nest away;
  It seemed to give him joy;
But oh! I told him it was wrong
To rob the little feathered throng.

I passed another by;
  It seemed a saddening thing
To see him seize the butterfly
  And tear away its wing,
As if devoid of feeling quite;
I'm sure that this could not be right.

The patient horse and dog,
  So faithful, fond and true,
And e'en the little leaping frog,
  Are oft abusèd, too,
By thoughtless men and boys who seem
Of others' comfort not to dream.

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Yet surely in our breast
A kindlier thought should dwell,
For 'twas our blessed Lord's request
To use His creatures well;
And in His holy book we find
A blessing given to the kind.

"DRINK HAS KILLED MY BRAW LADDIE AT LAST."

A. L. Westcombe.

THEY lifted the coffin and bore it away,
While the neighbours stood hushed round the door,
His coffin whose arm should have now been the stay
Of the widow, his mother no more.
Then a burst of the anguish she could not control,
From the lips of the stricken one pass'd,—
"Oh, if I but ken't it was weel wi' his soul!
Drink has killed my braw laddie at last!"

Poor heart-broken mourner, what whisper of peace
Can reach to the depth of despair?
Who can point to the land where all sorrow shall cease,
When she feels that he will not be *there*?
For a horror of darkness, far deeper than night,
O'er the fate of her dear one is cast,
Since the demon of Drink, in his pitiless might,
Has killed her braw laddie at last.

And he was so bonnie, his blue eyes' glad beams
Her toils and her cares would beguile,
And his smile was so sweet in his babyhood's dreams,
Sure he learned from the angels that smile.
How little she thought, as she smoothed his soft hair,
And its rings round her fingers she pass'd,
That the Spirit which spares not the strong and the fair,
Would kill her braw laddie at last!

Oh! if in those innocent days he had died,
As the primroses die in the spring,
A vision of peace in her heart would abide,
For death had been robbed of its sting.
She had thought of him safe from temptation's fierce strife
In the haven of bliss anchored fast;
But now she looks back on his sin-blighted life;—
Drink has killed her braw laddie at last.

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She is not alone in her terrible woe;—
  How many are mourning to-day,
Sad mothers, whose tears in their bitterness flow
  For their lost ones laid low in the clay.
They have loved them in spite of the sorrow and shame,
  That a shade on their dwelling have cast;
But the Power which has banished their honours and name,
  The Drink Fiend—has killed them at last.

O ye on whose breast there is pillowed to-day,
  A dear little flaxen-haired head,
Not lovelier your darling is now, than were they
  Whose mothers thus weep for their dead.
Then turn ye yourselves from the source of their woe,
  Let wisdom be learned from the past;
And clasp not in friendship the hand of the foe
  Who may kill your braw laddie at last.

THE TOWN PUMP.

E. J. Oliver.

A BUSY street,—a mixed and motley crowd,
Some poor, some rich, some humble and some proud,
Some prone to pleasure, some on business bent,
Some all observant, some on self intent.
Some open-hearted, eager to relieve
The poor man's wants, and weep with those who grieve,
Some deaf to pity, and to suffering blind,
Some seeking wisdom with an earnest mind.
Of these was one, who glanced from side to side,
And some way off, an ancient pump espied,
On whose bold front a solitary NO
Was plain inscribed before "the passing show."
Instant the thought to our observer came,
"Who wrote that word is surely much to blame;
"This pump, was meant to yield a good supply
"Of sparkling water, to the passer by,
"And thirsty souls, thus harshly turned away,
"May sink exhausted, on this sultry day."
Irate, he seized the handle, with the view
Of public protest,—when he backward drew,
His hold relaxing with a gesture quick,
For, on that side, he read the mandate, STICK.
"What now?" quoth he, "and does the churl suppose
"This pendent rod will stick as though 'twere froze?

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"No, no, indeed, if aught of strength have I,
"This selfish fellow I'll at once defy."
Just at this moment broke upon his ear
A well-known voice, "Why friend, what dost thou here?
"Thou look'st as fierce as though thou would'st engage
"In deadly warfare, wherefore dost thou rage?"
"Why rage indeed!" with heat the first replied,
"Can you not see this pump we stand beside,
"On which, in letters plain for all to read,
"Some selfish clown denies both man and steed
"The cooling draught which all were meant to share?
"To what great lengths will not some fellows dare."
A fit of laughter seized his worthy friend,
"Hold, hold," he cried, "your righteous wrath suspend,
"Just step this way, and on this side, behold
"Another word, which will the whole unfold."
As quick as thought our hero gained the place,
Confusion plainly written on his face;
And saw the word, which, like magician's charm,
Rendered the others powerless for harm.
No selfish clown,—no purse-proud haughty cit,—
No foe to poverty—those words had writ,
But, rightly read, they formed a wise decree,
Which if not always followed, yet should be.
They said to all who sought to buy or sell,
From tea to turtle,—book, or brazen bell,
From wholesome food, to quacks' unwholesome pills,
In plain, but silent language,—STICK NO BILLS.

. . . . .

Let those who hear this simple tale, forbear
To rashly judge what seems at first unfair;
Most questions have, not one, but many sides,
Each one revealing what another hides;
And those who bring a calm, unbiased mind
In quest of truth,—the truth shall surely find.

"DRUNK IN THE STREET."

F. H. Bowman, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., &c.

DRUNK in the street! I saw her totter by,
Then in a fallen heap unconscious lie,
While the big tear-drop springing to my eye
Fell on the street.

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Drunk in the street! all motionless she lay,
With hair dishevelled, beauty passed away,
A loathsome thing beneath the light of day,
And on the street.

Drunk in the street! It was not always so,
Once she was pure as the unsullied snow,
Alas for virtue that she ere should go
Onto the street.

Drunk in the street! a mother's only child,
Once she was fair and pure as the lily wild,
Till by the tempter's lying lips beguiled
Across the street.

Drunk in the street! the village ale house door
Stood wide, her mother's modest cot before;
She tasted once, and then she craved for more,
Over the street.

Drunk in the street! Her visits first were few,
But passion ruled, the visits more frequent grew,
And appetite her eager footsteps drew
Across the street.

Drunk in the street! The cursed fiend within
Blinded her eyes to all the fruits of sin,
'Tis hard to pause, but easy to begin
When on the street.

Drunk in the street!—The end soon came at last
When hope, and shame, and modesty were past,
And all of virtue, once possessed, was cast
Onto the street.

Drunk in the street!—The Devil's temples stand
By all our ways,—strong drink on every hand
To lead the young astray,—temptation planned
In every street.

Drunk in the street!—The cursed thing reprove
Whose touch is infamy, whose fruit doth prove
The tree impure,—in justice stern remove
Out of the street.

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Drunk in the street!—O God! and can it be
That man, unmoved, shall still refuse to free
Our land from such a stain as this we see
In many a street.

Drunk in the street! O ye who make our laws,
Dam up the torrent, and remove the cause,
On this poor victim look, in mercy pause
Beside the street.

OUR HOMESTEAD.

PHŒBE CARY.

OUR old brown homestead reared its walls
From the wayside dust aloof,
Where the apple-boughs could almost cast
Their fruit upon the roof;
And the cherry-tree so near it grew
That when awake I've lain
In the lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs
As they creaked against the pane;
And those orchard trees, oh those orchard trees!
I've seen my little brothers rocked
In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-briar, under the window-sill,
Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose, by the garden-fence,
Were all the flowers we had.
I've looked at many a flower since then,
Exotics rich and rare,
That to other eyes were lovelier
But not to me so fair;
For those roses bright, oh those roses bright!
I have twined them in my sister's locks,
That are hid in the dust from sight.

We had a well, a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones
Were falling constantly;

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And there never was water half so sweet
As the draught which filled my cup,
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep
That my father's hand set up.
And that deep old well, oh that deep old well!
I remember now the plashing sound
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,
Where at night we loved to meet;
There my mother's voice was always kind,
And her smile was always sweet;
And there I've sat on my father's knee,
And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hand in his raven hair,—
That hair is silver now!
But that broad hearth's light, oh that broad hearth's light!
And my father's look, and my mother's smile,
They are in my heart to-night!

THE ORPHANS' VOYAGE HOME.

THE men could hardly keep the deck, so bitter was the night;
Keen north-east winds sang through the shrouds, the deck was frosty white;
While overhead the glistening stars put forth their points of light.

On deck, behind a bale of goods, two orphans crouched to sleep;
But 'twas so cold the younger boy in vain tried not to weep;
They were so poor they had no right near cabin doors to creep.

The elder round the younger wrapped his little ragged cloak,
To shield him from the freezing sleet, and surf that o'er them broke;
Then drew him closer to his side, and softly to him spoke:—

"The night will not be long," he said: "and if the cold winds blow,

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We shall the sooner reach our home, and see the peat-fire glow;
But now the stars are beautiful—oh, do not tremble so!

"Come closer—sleep—forget the frost—think of the morning red!—
Our father and our mother soon will take us to their bed;
And in their warm arms we shall sleep!" He knew not they were dead.

For them no father to the ship shall with the morning come;
For them no mother's loving arms are spread to take them home;
Meanwhile the cabin passengers in dreams of pleasure roam.

At length the orphans sank to sleep upon the freezing deck,
Close huddled side to side,—each arm clasped round the other's neck;
With heads bent down, they dreamed the earth was fading to a speck.

The steerage passengers have all been taken down below,
And round the stove they warm their limbs into a drowsy glow;
And soon within their berths forget the icy wind and snow.

Now morning dawns: the land in sight, smiles beam from every face!
The pale and qualmy passengers begin the deck to pace,
Seeking along the sun-lit cliffs some well-known spot to trace.

Only the orphans do not stir, of all this bustling train:
They reached their *home* that starry night! they will not stir again!
The winter's breath proved kind to them, and ended all their pain.

But in their deep and freezing sleep clasped rigid to each other,
In dreams they cried, "The bright morn breaks! Home, home is here, my brother!
The angel Death has been our friend!—we come! dear father! mother!"

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THE VILEST FIEND OF ALL.

THOMAS BRACKEN.

"Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil."—OTHELLO.

FALSE spirit, take thy fiendish shape,
Thy name is demon, and not wine;
Durst thou cling to the purple grape,
Durst thou seek shelter 'neath the vine?
Nay, cling unto thy patron—Death,
And hide thee 'neath his blackest pall:
Throughout Creation's length and breadth,
Thou art the vilest fiend of all.

What are thy crimes? Go, ask the grave,
That, yawning, waits its lifeless clod—
Thy murdered serf, thy poisoned slave,
A type, once, of the living God;
The shrieks within the maniac's cell,
The chain clinks 'yond the prison's wall,
The wails and groans of millions, tell
Thou art the vilest fiend of all.

What are thy crimes? Yon soulless thing
Was once God's image, pure and fair;
Yea, fiend, as witnesses I'll bring,
Lust, hatred, murder, and despair,
To prove thy guilt! The fiercest flame
That burns below, when sinners fall,
Is fed by thee: remorse and shame
Proclaim thee vilest fiend of all.

What are thy crimes? Thy counsel's plea
Is this: Thou'rt good, and we should prize
Heaven's gifts; but I do view in thee
A cruel devil in disguise.
Before thee, peace and comfort fly,
Replaced by senseless feud and brawl;
Near thee, truth, love, and honour die—
Thou art the vilest fiend of all.

Oh, God of justice! God of right!
Why is the world so full of woe,
Why are souls withered by this blight?
Is this the working of Thy foe—
The rebel sire of sin and crime,
Who makes Thy likeness, man, his thrall?
Oh, Father! shield our new-born clime
From this, the vilest fiend of all.

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THE CHARGE OF THE DRINK BRIGADE.

A NEW READING OF TENNYSON'S CELEBRATED POEM, "THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE."

THROUGH the land, through the land,
Many leagues onward,
Into the valley of death
Marched not six hundred:
Thousands took up their cry;
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to make reply:—
Yes! we will drink and die.
Into the valley of death
Marched many a hundred.

Ruin to right of them,
Ruin to left of them,
From all good sundered.
Not in the field they fell
Fighting life's battle well,
But in the jaws of death,
Up to the mouth of hell
Marched many a hundred.

See all the husbands there,
And while their eyeballs glare,
Pity those children fair,
Hear their cries rend the air—
While the world wondered.
See, too, those wretched wives,
Once good and pure their lives;
Now each like demon strives
Into those poisoned hives,
Still to march onward.

Honour the good and brave,
Who from a drunkard's grave
Those weak ones tried to save,
To death marching onward.
Many a home shall tell
How long they fought, and well,
To save from death and hell
More than six hundred.

From "Weekly Welcome."

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THE MURDERER.

IT was the Indian summer,
  Blue and golden was the sky,
When on the prison scaffold
  A pale youth stood to die
For a deed of murder done
  In his drunken revelry.

He glanced upon the faces
  Of those who stood around,
But in their serious aspect
  No kindred being found;
For his deadly crime had severed
  The bonds that nature bound.

One last look on the heavens,
  Which smile as they were wont
When his loving parents held him
  At the baptismal font—
Then, a little guiltless infant—
  Now, a felon—horror gaunt.

One last thought of the meadow,
  One last look at the sun,
And then his eyes are blinded—
  The work of death's begun;
A few convulsed sharp pangs and then
  The work of death is done.

Swinging idly, like vile carrion,
  In the face of day so fair—
His body faintly quivering,
  Eyes fixed in death's grim stare—
He hangs a blighting horror,
  To poison God's sweet air.

And ye who hear this story,
  Though ye now so proudly throng
The siren halls of pleasure,
  Ye may stumble into wrong;
Temptation's bright and sudden—
  Suffering is dark and long!

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E'en the noblest of the nation,
The proudest in the land,
Ye who boast a spotless honour,
Yet may bear the felon's brand,
Unless ye have the courage
The wine-cup to withstand!

THE PRAYER OF THE POOR.

COLD, cold sweep the winds, the autumn is drear,
The wood-pile grows small at the door,
The pantry is lean, cold winter is near,
And small is the labourer's store;
The workshop is closed, and so is the mill,
The blacksmith has put out his fire,
There's plenty of strength, and plenty of will,
But no one is willing to hire.

Cold, cold sweeps the blast o'er mountain and moor,
The workmen stand idle all day;
Work, work, give us work, is the prayer of the poor,
To drive hunger and cold away;
A million fair hands are ready to sew
And stitch by the dim midnight oil,
A million strong arms are ready to throw
Defiance at want by their toil.

Hear, children of wealth, we ask not for alms,
Though poorly our loved ones are fed,
We've proud beating hearts, we've toil-hardened palms,
We'll give you our labour for bread!
When the snow-drifts grow deep, and your bright fires burn,
Your children all warm in the bed,
Think; think of our prayer, a living to earn,—
Our little ones crying for bread.

Help, help, men of wealth, no time's to be lost!
Our little is wasting away;
Though corn may be cheap, whatever the cost,
Alas! we have nothing to pay.
Work, work, and fair pay, is the prayer of the poor,
No hardship shall make us recoil;
Let the cold biting winds sweep mountain and moor,
We'll bend the back cheerful to toil.

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HOW TO SAVE THE WAGES.

A. J. Glassbrook.

JIM WATTS, a man of generous mind,
Not numbered with the sages,
Determined he would try to find
The way to save his wages.

So late and early laboured Jim
To make his earnings larger;
But all his toil ne'er bettered him;
Expenses came much faster.

One day, as slowly home he walked,
His thoughts were sorely troubled:
"I drink but little," thus he talked,
"And scarce am ever fuddled.

"The meat is dear, the women say,
And coals have lately risen:
How can a poor man pay his way,
And fear not debt or prison?

"This very night, before I rest,
From Poll I'll know the reason;
For wages now are at their best,
And near is winter's season."

When Jim reached home the fire was bright,
And Polly busy mending;
He sat him down, his pipe alight,
And, o'er the paper bending,

He tried to lose his gloomy fears
In news and gin-and-water;
But Poll, with many words and tears,
Talked of their son and daughter.

"Our Mary wants a Sunday hat,
And Charley's boots want soleing;
More money I must have—that's flat;"
But Jim was not consoling.

"Don't scold so much," he said, quite cross;
"I work as hard as any;
Early and late; but all for loss—
I cannot save a penny."

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While thus they talked, a friend came in;
He knew how went the money,
And said that folks with little tin
Should never waste their honey.

"I'm sure I never waste," said Poll,
"As sure as I'm a sinner."
"And I," said Jim, "some cheese and roll
Is all I get for dinner."

"Well," said the friend, "attend to me,—
I've seen you many a morning,
Go to the Rose and Crown to see
The news and get a warming.

The sum per day those visits cost
Will soon explain the matter;
For while your wages thus are lost,
You'll never grow the fatter."

"My friend," said Jim, "I'm never tight:
A pint at lunch and dinner,
And then a pot with Poll at night,
Is all I can remember."

"Your memory is growing old,"
The friend replied, with laughter—
"For on the table I behold,
A pipe and gin-and-water.

"'Most every day—don't look so cross—
You spend quite full a shilling
In smoke and drink, and all a loss:
Not good for health or living.

"And one a-day makes in a year
Full eighteen pounds and over,
Beside the grief of many a fear,
For want of love and clover.

"Now Jim, my boy, leave off the drink,
Come now and sign teetotal;
You'll longer live, no more you'll sink
To poverty most fatal."

Thus kindly taught, Jim soon discerned,
The cause of all his sorrow;
His friend's advice he has not spurned,
He signed upon the morrow.

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And Polly, like a loving wife,
Signed too, they signed together;
And now they have no cause of strife,
Be fine or rough the weather.

Remember this, ye thinking men,
Waste not, nor be a miser;
Spend well the cash, and truly then,
You'll happier be and wiser.

For pennies spent in hateful drink,
Bring often shame and sorrow;
And Satan's chain, made link by link,
May crush you on the morrow.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

SHE reclined 'neath the low weeping willow,
In the churchyard's secluded retreat;
A moss-covered mound was her pillow,
And a garland of flowers at her feet.
In her lily-white hand was a half-closed book,
As she thoughtfully mused in the shadowy nook.

She was friendless, alone, and forsaken,
Giving vent to the fast-falling tear;
By the hand of disease had been taken
Her friends and connections most dear.
And the rose-tint of youth did her sorrow erase,
While the rich, golden ringlets fell over her face.

Says she, "I, alas! had a mother:
I once had a father so kind,
And the form of a kind, loving brother,
Long since to the churchyard resigned;
But the flowers I loved when my friends were in bloom,
I now gather in anguish and lay at their tomb.

"My companions, who used to protect me
By their friendship when fortune has smiled,
With a bitter, cold glance now reject me,
For I'm naught but a lone orphan child.
But this volume of truth, which by mother was given,
Points to Jesus, my Friend, and my Father in heaven."

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THE DEAD DOLL.

YOU needn't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my dolly is dead!
There is no use in saying she isn't, with a crack like that in her head.
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth out that day;
And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off, you hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you say you can mend it with glue!
As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just suppose it was you!
You might make her *look* all mended—but what do I care for looks!
Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and toys, and the backs of books!

My dolly, my own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfullest crack!
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went whack
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf.
Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself!

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do her! I tell you my dolly is dead!
And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant new spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon off her last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the yard—
She said to me most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it;
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knew it?"

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But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too.
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish *my* head had been hit!
For I've hit it over and over; and it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling *is* dead, she'll want to be buried, of course;
We will take my little waggon, Nurse, and you shall be the horse;
And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her in this, you see—
This dear little box—and we'll bury her then under the maple tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird;
And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every single word!
I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead;
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."

St. Nicholas.

THE DAUGHTER'S DEATH-BED.

[She was a lovely, pious young woman, whose mother, then long in the spirit-land, had instructed her in the truths of the Bible. When she was about to die she called her father to her bedside, and, turning upon him her pale face, lighted by lustrous blue eyes, she said with a sweet voice: "Dear father, I am about to cross the cold dark river. Shall I trust to your opinions, or to the teachings of dear mother?" These words, like a keen arrow, pierced the recesses of his most truthful emotions. "Trust to your mother!" said the champion of infidelity; and, covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child.]

"THE damps of death are coming fast
My father, o'er my brow,
The past with all its scenes has fled,
And I must turn me now
To that dim future that in vain
My feeble eyes descry:
Tell me, dear father, in this hour,
In whose stern faith to die!

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"In thine? I've watch'd thy scornful smiles,
And heard thy withering tone,
Whene'er the Christian's humble hope
Was placed above thine own.
I've heard thee speak of coming death
Without a shade of gloom,
And laugh at all the childish fears
That cluster round the tomb.

"Or is it in my mother's faith?
How fondly do I trace
Through many a weary year long past
That calm and saintly face;
How often do I call to mind,
Now she is 'neath the sod,
The place—the hour—in which she drew
My early thoughts to God!

"'Twas then she took this sacred book,
And from its burning page
Read how its truths support the soul
In youth and failing age:
And bade me in its precepts live,
And by its precepts die,
That I might share a home of love
In worlds beyond the sky.

"My father, shall I look above,
Amid this gathering gloom,
To Him whose promises of love
Extend beyond the tomb?
Or curse the Being who hath blessed
This chequered path of mine?
Must I embrace my mother's faith,
Or die, my sire, in thine?"

The frown upon that warrior brow
Passed like a cloud away,
And tears coursed down the rugged cheek
That flowed not till that day:
"Not, not in mine," with choking voice
The sceptic made reply;
"But in thy mother's holy faith
My daughter, may'st thou die!"

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HOME COMFORT.

A Dialogue. By C. J. Hall.

(Ellen, *a poorly-clad girl, stands in pensive mood, and* Maria, *who is neat and respectable, enters.*)

Maria.—Well, Ellen, how downcast you do look. Whatever is the matter with you? Have you been doing something displeasing to your parents, or what?

Ellen.—No; I can assure you, Maria, it is not disobedience to my parents that makes me sad, but because of being troubled in mind.

M.—Troubled in mind! What do you mean?

E.—Yes; you may well ask what it is to be troubled in mind. Everything is straightforward for you. You have no crosses. It is pleasant for you to live, and, for anything I see, you do nothing but enjoy yourself.

M.—And so we ought to enjoy ourselves; for my part I don't see why girls should be making themselves unhappy all the day long, and especially when it is as easy to be happy as miserable.

E.—I think, Maria, if you were in my place, and lived in our house, you would not talk as you do, and think it as easy to be happy as to be miserable. I think that depends upon what kind of homes we have. May I ask you a few questions to see if you have any good reason why you should not be happy?

M.—Yes, if you wish.

E.—Have you as much food as you require?

M.—Yes, and delicious food too, sometimes.

E.—How many dresses have you?

M.—Let me see (*here* Maria *knits her brows and ponders*), I have one—two—three—four—five—six—and a beautiful silk one for Sundays.

E.—It's well to be you, Maria. Do you attend day-school?

M.—Yes; and Sunday School also.

E.—Your parents are teetotalers, are they not?

M.—Yes, and right glad I—

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E.—Wait a moment, Maria, you will perhaps see why I am sad. It strikes me that you have every reason to be happy, nay, I think it would be a shame if you were miserable. Are your parents kind to you, and do they strive to make you comfortable?

M.—Yes, very. But I cannot see, Ellen, that the answering of these questions will do you any good; besides, you have not yet told me what this being troubled in mind is, nor have you told me the cause of it.

E.—Perhaps the answering of them will do *me* very little good, Maria, but my object in asking them is to do *you* good, by causing you to think of the sufferings of those whose parents are drunkards; and also to make you exert yourself more to suppress intemperance, and by so doing give others happy homes as well as yourself. You say I have not told you what being troubled in mind is, nor the cause of it. To show you what it is, suppose for a moment or two that instead of having three or four regular meals per day, you were sometimes to have two, others only one, and poor food in the bargain; and suppose your clothes to be ragged and very few; and not to have the privilege of attending either day or Sunday School; and what is still worse, to have a drunken and unkind father. How do you think you would feel?

M.—I should feel very unhappy indeed, Ellen. But you have not to suffer like that, have you?

E.—Yes, and far more than that. I have not told you one-half of the miseries of our miserable home, which are caused by intoxicating drinks, and which make me feel so miserable and wretched all the day. Do you know it was only yesterday morning little Susie and James were crying as if their hearts would break, and asking mother for bread, they were so hungry. Mother did her best to comfort them, and many times tried to persuade them to wait until father came home with his wages, and then she would supply their wants, and get something very nice for dinner. James contrived to beg a few crusts from his playmates during the morning, but Susie whimpered and sobbed and would not be comforted. Dinner

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time came, but father did'nt come. Then mother persuaded us to wait a little longer, which we did until eight o'clock in the evening, and father didn't come. Then James looked so pitifully into mother's face, and pleaded so much for something to eat that it made her weep bitterly. At last father came about twelve o'clock, quite drunk, having spent all his money at the public house, and he immediately began to quarrel with mother for not having some food prepared for him. He became so angry that he turned us all into the street, and we would have been compelled to have stayed out all the cold night, but for Mrs. Johnson kindly asking us to stay in her house until morning.

M.—Really! you do surprise me, Ellen, by what you have just said; I had no idea of anything of the kind. Oh! how selfish and unthinking I have been, I hope you will forgive me for my thoughtlessness. I confess I have forgotten the sufferings of others, in the enjoyment of the comforts by which I am surrounded. Although a member of the Band of Hope, I can see how negligent and careless I have been, in not considering the wants and sufferings of my near neighbours. I have been so wrapt up in the comforts of our own teetotal home, that I have entirely lost sight of the miseries of others. You may well be sad, Ellen, for there is everything to make you so; I think I should feel as though I would rather be out of the world altogether, than to suffer like you do; however, I think both of us may profit by this conversation, and I will tell you how. It has learned me a lesson of my own selfishness, which I shall not soon forget, and I can assure you I shall labour more in future for the temperance cause than I have done in the past. You have just said, Ellen, "That all your miseries are caused by intoxicating liquors," and you seem to think that if your parents were to become teetotalers you would soon have a different home than you now have. Well, do you know I think I can see a plan by which you may become equally as happy and comfortable as I am.

E.—Do you, Maria? Oh! I shall be so happy if you will tell me of it.

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M.—Well, as you are not a member of our Band of Hope, will you become one to-night?

E.—I will with pleasure.

M.—I am very glad to hear it, and I am sure you will be delighted with our meetings. But what I wish to impress upon you particularly is that we persuade, and do not rest satisfied until your father attends our meetings; and when there, to pray that God would fasten the truth upon his mind, so that he may sign the pledge, and then, and not till then, may you hope to have the happy home and peace of mind of which we have been speaking. Are you prepared to agree with me in this undertaking, Ellen?

E.—With all my heart, Maria.

M.—Then we will shake hands (*here both join hands*), and solemnly promise each other not to be contented until we gain the object we now have in view. (*Exit.*)

I'M TEETOTAL, I ASSURE YOU.

I'M a tiny little thing,
But I'm teetotal, I assure you;
And I'm not ashamed to bring
This subject now before you.

Many little ones are taught
To love the drunkard's drink, sir;
And when they've grown, they've soon been brought
To beggary and want, sir.

I know I'm on the winning side,
Drink will not master me, sir;
I feel I am my mother's pride,
Drink ne'er will break her heart, sir.

I'll fight the monster, that I will,
I have a sword for this, sir;
I'll drink the water from the rill,
And that will stab him through, sir.

I'm only now a little man,
But when I am full grown, sir,
I'll beard the monster in his den,
And follow up the blow, sir.

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GARDENER OR GOSPELLER?

(AN OUTLINE FROM LIFE.)

ALSAGER HAY HILL.

BESIDE each other in the train
We travelled hour by hour,
On crops, the papers and the rain
Our gossip gathered power.

But somehow as the minutes ran
From trifles passing swift,
The currents of our talk began
To deepen in their drift.

Half-cultured yet so wholly true
My fellow-traveller spoke,
Some thought within me stirred—and thus,
Hap-hazard musing broke:

"You seem so earnest in your talk,
And look so keen and clear,
Forgive me if I ask your craft
And what may bring you here."

A moment—and a silence fell—
Then came this answer odd:
"A gardener—but for years long past
I gather flowers for God."

"What mean you?" said I, half-afraid,
So eager was his air.
Mad-blood, methought, is in his veins
And prompts him unaware.

But soon the tender light that rose
Within his quiet eyes,
Assured me, and I begged that he
Would pardon my surprise.

"These flowers you gather, what are they?
And where may they be found?"
"The souls of men!" said he, "they lie
Like daisies on the ground."

With that he stepped from out the train,
A hasty greeting given—
And he and I may meet again
No more on this side heaven.

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But gardener—preacher, what you will,
He left a thought of glee
That in the coming years, I ween,
May light and comfort me.

Strong brother in the busy mart,
Sweet sister, where you will,
The land is broad and life is short
Yet comes the message still.

Wherever here your path may lie—
Rough road or velvet sod—
There's room for Love to live and grow,
Go gather flowers for God!

THE DILATORY SCHOLAR.

C. GILMAN.

OH! where is my hat?—it is taken away,
And my shoestrings are all in a knot!
I can't find a thing where it should be to-day,
Though I've hunted in every spot.

My slate and my pencil nowhere can be found,
Though I placed them as safe as could be;
While my books and my maps are all scattered around,
And not one of them now can I see.

Do, Rachel, just look for my Atlas, up stairs;
My Virgil is somewhere there, too;
And, sister, brush down those troublesome hairs,—
And, brother, just fasten my shoe.

And, mother, beg father to write an excuse;
But stop—he will only say "No,"
And go on with a smile, and keep reading the news,
While everything bothers me so.

My satchel is heavy and ready to fall;
This old pop-gun is breaking my map;
I'll have nothing to do with the pop-gun or ball,—
There's no playing for such a poor chap!

The town clock will strike in a minute, I fear;
Then away to the foot I must sink:—
There, look at my History, tumbled down here!
And my Algebra covered with ink!

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I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the last,
Though the toast and the butter were fine;
I think that our Edward must eat very fast,
To be off when I haven't done mine.

Now, Edward and Henry protest they won't wait,
And beat on the door with their sticks;
I suppose they will say I was dressing too late;
To-morrow I'll be up at six!

POOR JOE.

POOR JOE sat down and wept,
For hungry and cold was he;
Weary and worn he slept,
Forgetting his misery.
But short was his fitful sleep,
Alas! for the homeless one,
A voice—'twas harsh and deep—
"Get up," it said, "move on!"
Move on! Poor Joe moved on.

His childhood ne'er had known
A parent's tender care,
Upon the cold world thrown,
The outcast badge to wear,
To starve, or beg, or steal,
His last sad hope was gone;
To shun the prison wheel
The wretched boy moved on.
Move on! Poor Joe moves on.

Alone amidst the crowd,
Heart-broken and forlorn,
The arrogant and proud,
They pass him by with scorn.
Suspected and rejected
(For pity they have none),
In rags and dirt dejected,
He's always moving on.
Move on! Poor Joe moves on.

On—through the pitiless hail,
On—through the drifting snow,
To starve, or beg, or steal,
Move on! Alas! poor Joe!

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On—past the halls of state,
On—past the rich man's door;
On—to the churchyard gate,
Where oft he's slept before,
Poor Joe moves on no more.

Plague-smitten, stricken down,
And no one near to save?
Yes! one dear woman—one
Fair type of all that's brave
Will dare a loathsome death—
Will dare an early grave,
To give this lost one health,
This lost one's life to save.

Hunger, disease, and cold
Have done their work at last.
Oh, misery untold!
Hush! life is ebbing fast.
His sunken eyelids close,
Home has his spirit gone;
In undisturbed repose
He quietly sleeps on.
Sleep on—poor Joe—sleep on!

COMMON JOYS.

OUR common joys, O what are they?
The brightest and the best;
They glad us in our busy walks,
Are with us when we rest;
An angel band, they hover 'round,
In waking and in dream,
And o'er our hearts in saddest hours
They shed a golden beam.

Our common joys, O what are they?
The priceless pearls and gold
Which memory sifts upon the heart
When life is growing old:
The thought that we have treasured up
Where nought can steal away—
The consciousness of doing good
With every passing day.

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PADDY AND THE PIG.

JOHN FAWCETT SKELTON.

"OH phat'll I do?" says Paddy,
Says Paddy to me one day,
"For the pig that was the glory
Of us all is gone away!
Oh wirra! wirra! murther!
Sure I'm sinking in despair,
For the childer all are flyin',
Disconsolate and cryin',
And my poor 'ould woman' sighin'
'Oh where's the pig, oh, where?'"

"He slept inside the cabin
Wid the childer and us all;
Where the ducks and perchin' poultry
Have their nests by ev'ry wall.
The best mimber of the family
Was the purty pig I ween;
But by the childer nor their mother,
Nor myself (and that's another),
For many's the day together,
Has the pig at all been seen."

Then says I to troubled Paddy,
"Sure its curious out and out;
Have you got suspicious persons,
Or any thieves about?"
"Go along!" says Pat, indignant,
"Sure there's nothing of the kind;
Ours are all most dacent naybours,
And it's useless is our labours,
And I tell you, sir, by jabers!
That the pig we'll never find."

Something in the tone of Paddy
Struck me that Paddy knew
More about the missing por! er
That was causing such ado;
So, says I, "Now, Paddy, tell me,
Where's the pig? you know, I'll swear."
"Ah, sir," says he, "how funny
It should slip my'mind, my honey!
Sure I sould him, and spent the money
In whiskey at the fair!"

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"Ah, Paddy," says I, in sorrow,
"You well may blush red hot,
And the pig may well be missing
Down the throat that you have got!
But when next you go to market
Remember this with care,
(While the money-bag you jink it),
Sure you cannot, though you think it,
Both keep a pig and drink it
In whiskey at the fair!"

FOR MOTHER'S SAKE.

A FATHER and his little son
On wintry waves were sailing;
Fast, from their way, the light of day
In cloud and gloom was failing,
And fiercely round their lonely bark
The stormy winds were wailing.

They knew that peril hover'd near;
They prayed, "O Heaven, deliver!"
But a wilder blast came howling past,
And soon with sob and shiver,
They struggled in the icy grasp
Of that dark, rushing river.

"Cling fast to me, my darling child,"
An anguished voice was crying;
While, silvery clear, o'er tempest drear,
Rose softer tones replying,
"O! mind not me, my father dear,
I'm not afraid of dying;
O! mind not me, but save yourself,
For mother's sake, dear father,
Leave me and hasten to the shore,
Or who will comfort mother?"

The angel forms that ever wait,
Unseen, on men attendant,
Flew up, o'erjoy'd, to heaven's bright gate,
And there on page resplendent,
High over those of heroes bold
And martyrs famed in story,
They wrote the name of that brave boy,
And wreathed it round with glory.

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God bless the child! ay, He did bless
That noble self-denial,
And safely bore him to the shore
Through tempest, toil, and trial.
Soon in their bright and tranquil home,
Son, sire, and that dear mother,
For whose sweet sake so much was done,
In rapture met each other.

A DROP OF WATER.

IT is a little thing 'tis true,
But o'er the aching, burning brow
It falls with healing power;
One cooling drop may life impart,
And bring pulsation to the heart,
Where all was still before.

One drop may soothe and ease a pain,
And bring back joy and life again,
And tranquilise the mind;
That little drop we deemed so small,
Of little worth, if prized at all,
Will live in memory's shrine.

'Tis thus one kind and soothing word,
Soon as its lutelike sound is heard,
Will soothe the careworn breast;
One well-timed word, when whispered low
In friendly voice, may banish woe,
And lull each care to rest.

One teardrop shed on sorrow's shrine
Will dwell within the thinking mind
For days, for months, for years;
No gem could e'er be shrined so dear
As that bright drop, that pearly tear,
That flowed to soften fears.

And oh, if all could know the power
Of little things in sorrow's hour,
There might be less of grief;
One word may wound or break a heart,
Or add a pang to sorrow's smart,
One word may bring relief.

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THE NAUGHTY BOY.

THEY'VE taken away the ball,
O dear!
And I'll never get it back,
I fear.
And now they've gone away,
And left me here to stay
All alone the livelong day,
In here.

It was *my* ball, anyway,
Not his;
For he never had a ball
Like this.
Such a coward you'll not see,
E'en if you should live to be
Old as Deuteronomy,
As he is.

I'm sure I meant no harm;
None at all!
I just held out my hand
For the ball;
And somehow it hit his head;
Then his nose it went and bled,
And as if I'd killed him dead,
He did bawl!

Nursy said I was a horrid
Little wretch.
And Aunt Jane said the police
She would fetch.
And cook, who's always glad
Of a chance to make me mad,
Said, "Indeed, she never *had*
Seen setch."

No, I never, never *will*
Be good.
I'll go and be a babe
In the wood.
I'll run away to sea,
And a pirate I will be,
Then they never will call me
Rough and rude.

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How hungry I am getting;
Let me see,
I wonder what they're going to have
For tea.
Of course there will be jam,
And that lovely potted ham,
How unfortunate I am,
Dear me!

Oh, it's growing very dark
In here;
And the shadow on that corner
Looks so queer.
Won't they bring me any light?
Must I stay in here all night?
I shall surely die of fright,
Oh dear!

Mother, darling, will you never
Come back?
I am sorry that I hit him
Such a crack.
Hark! yes, 'tis her voice I hear,
Now good-bye to every fear,
For she's calling me her dear
Little Jack.

"THE LEAP FOR LIFE."

FRANK FEARNELEY.

THE little town of Bingley was "èn fete." The popular place of amusement familiarly termed the "Bingley Gardens" was quite alive with gay parties of holiday-makers, who were crowding about the various amusements in eager throngs; all anxious to see as much as possible in the time, and all working much harder in the pursuit of what they were pleased to term "pleasure," than they did in their daily avocations.

During the afternoon there was to be an astounding acrobatic display by the "celebrated Lisle family," and the day's amusements were to conclude with a gorgeous display of fireworks.

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Of course there were the usual "bars" where gallons of fiery spirits and barrels of exciting ales were distributed by the ever-watchful proprietors and their numerous assistants; and the crowds which assembled continually around these altars of Bacchus, showed very painfully the all-absorbing attraction the worship of the drink-god exercised over them.

Leaning against one of these attractive counters, and engaged in lively chat with the barmaid, was a well-proportioned, handsome-looking man, whose glittering eyes and careless, free language bespoke a near approach to intoxication. He was the principal member of the acrobatic troupe who were to perform a little later, and, of course, was the cynosure of many admiring glances from those around him.

Presently, a fair-haired little girl, about ten years of age, accompanied by a boy perhaps two or three years older, made her way to him, and taking him by the hand said: "Father, do come away! I want you."

"Why, little one! what is it?" said the man, with an affectionate look at the child as he took both her hands in his.

"Oh, please do come away, father!" said she, slightly pulling at him; "you can come here, afterwards, you know!"

"If we're going to do that leap," bluntly spoke the boy, "I guess you'd better have nothing more to drink."

"You shut up!" said Lisle; "what are you talking about? There, Nellie, dear!" turning to the child, "run along; I'll be with you directly. I'll just have another 'three-pennorth' and then I'll be ready."

"Oh, father! come now, please."

"Get along, you little puss! Do you think an odd 'three-pennorth' will hurt me? There; run along, and I'll bring you some nuts when I come."

The child reluctantly obeyed, but it was with more than one sorrowful backward glance.

Lisle must, however, have forgotten his promise to his little daughter; for his 'three-pennorth' extended to very much more before he left the bar to join his children.

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The hour at last arrived for their performance, and the crowds of people in the gardens had gradually flowed into one large gathering at the spot where were fixed the bars on which the evolutions were to take place. There was a small platform projecting from the roof of one of the buildings, and it was from this, and with the assistance of a small trapeze swinging in front of it, that the "Leap for Life" was to be taken.

There was great applause, as Lisle and his two children, dressed in the usual acrobatic costume, took up their positions. As they performed several difficult feats on one of the lower bars, every voice and every pair of hands rang out praises of the agility of the children: and as the little girl gracefully performed her tricks, many a woman's voice was heard to bless her, and pity her for the dangerous occupation it was her fate to follow.

No one noticed the condition of Lisle; indeed, he performed with all his usual ease and dexterity. But the children knew his state, and it was with aching, sorrowful hearts, though smiling faces, that they went through their task.

At last came the great leap. The boy looked at the platform, and then at his father; but, without a word, descended from his perch and made his way across the open space towards the stand.

Little Nellie glanced into her father's filmy eyes, and the tears gathered in her own, as she reached to kiss him,—a thing she had never done before when performing,—ere she, too, crossed the open space.

The trick was for the young performers to leap from the platform, at a height of 40 or 50 feet, to the smaller bar, and, with a swing from this, fly to the hands of the elder acrobat, who was swinging, with his head downwards, on the larger bar in the distance. It was a terribly perilous and foolish thing to do, even under favourable circumstances; and the strongest heart might well quail at the thought of it. But what must it have appeared to those two children, knowing, as they did, the condition of their father on the other bar!

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There was a loud burst of applause as they took their places. They were too high for any one to notice their blanched cheeks, and tear-dimmed eyes; and yet, though the crowd knew nothing of the additional difficulty, the feat looked so dangerous, that a great hush spread over the unhealthily excited people, and all was silent and still.

The boy was to leap first. He quietly clasped his little sister's hand, and bravely bidding her not to be afraid, he stepped to the spring-board and boldly launched himself into the air. As he left the small bar, there was a cry went through the crowd, especially when Lisle bungled and nearly let the boy fall; but the tenaciousness of the youth's grasp on his father's arm saved him, and in a moment, he was seated safely on the bar by his father's side.

There seemed to be hot words between them. The boy was begging that his sister might be excused; but all to no purpose, it seemed, for once more Lisle took up his position. He would not be persuaded that he was drunk. And now it was little Nellie's turn to take that fearful leap. She had done it often before and had never been afraid; but then, never before had her father so far forgotten the responsibility of his position.

With a shivering glance around—a whispered prayer—and oh! such a world of agony in her little heart—the child leapt forth.

A moment,—and she would have been safe. But, ah! it was not to be. She flew to his arms, but he misjudged the distance, was a second too late; and poor little Nellie fell from his reach, rebounded off the edge of the net below, and with a dull, horrible thud, alighted on the cruel, hard earth beneath.

It would be impossible to describe the scene which followed. A thrill of horror passed through the whole assembly; every-one seeming completely paralysed by the awful catastrophe. With a wild despair, the now thoroughly sobered father clasped the poor mangled little corpse to his breast, and in bitter agony upbraided himself for his folly; whilst the little

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boy sobbed and cried in unrestrained grief at the loss of his dearly loved little sister.

And, oh! in what a maddened, unavailing rage did Lisle curse the drink, which had stolen from him his usual firmness, and caused such a fatal, tragic ending to what had indeed proved a "Leap for Life."

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

ONE step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
By their slow but constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark-blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
O'er the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavour day by day
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

"Rome was not builded in a day,"
The ancient proverb teaches;
And nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermon preaches.
Think not of far-off duties,
But of duties which are near;
And having once begun to work,
Resolve to persevere.

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SPEAK KINDLY.

W. P. W. Buxton.

SPEAK kindly to the erring one,
And act a noble part,
For harsh words, like a piercing thorn,
May wound some loving heart.
A kind word, like a sunny beam,
May melt a load of care,
But harsh words fill the aching breast
With pain, oft hard to bear.

Speak kindly to the weary one
Whose face is pale and wan;
For harsh words rarely soothe the breast,—
But kind words always can.
Few know the pain harsh words can give,
Words which like thunder roll;
But gentle words give sweet relief,
And cheer the fainting soul.

Speak kindly to the fallen one,—
A word of heart-felt love:
Perchance your word may lead that soul
To brighter realms above:
Harsh words shall ne'er disturb the breast
In that bright land on high,
For there, where all is joy and love,
"Kind words can never die."

THE DRUMMER BOY.

AN INCIDENT OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

"CAPTAIN Grey, the men war sayin'
Ye would want a drummer lad,
So I've brought you my boy Sandie,
Though my heart is wofu' sad.
But nae bread is left to feed us,
And nae siller to buy more,
For the gudeman sleeps for ever,
Where the heather blossoms o'er.

"Sandie, mak' your manners quickly,
Play your blithest measure true,—
Gie us 'Flowers of Edinboro,'
While yon fifer plays it too.

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Captain, heard ye e'er a player
Strike in truer tune than he?"
"Nay, in truth, brave Sandie Murray
Drummer of our corps shall be."

"I gie ye thanks—but, Captain, maybe
Ye will hae a kindly care
For the friendless, lonely laddie,
When the battle wark is sair;
For Sandie's aye been gude and gentle,
And I've naething else to love,
Naething—but the grave off yonder,
And the Father up above."

Then her rough hand lightly laying
On the curl-encircled head,
She blest her boy. The tent was silent,
And no other word was said;
For Captain Grey was sadly dreaming
Of a benison long ago
Breathed above his head, then golden,
Bending now, and touched with snow.

"Good bye, Sandie." "Good bye, mither,
I'll come back some summer day;
Don't you fear—they don't shoot drummers
Ever. Do they, Captain Grey?
One more kiss—watch for me, mither;
You will know 'tis surely me
Coming home—for you will hear me
Playing soft the reveille."

* * * * *

After battle. Moonbeams ghastly
Seemed to blink in strange affright,
As the scudding clouds before them
Shadowed faces dead and white;
And the night wind softly shivered,
When low moans its light wing bore—
Moans, that ferried spirits over
Death's dark wave to yonder shore.

Wandering where a footstep careless
Might go plashing down in blood,
Or a helpless hand lie grasping
Death, and daisies, from the sod;
Captain Grey walked swiftly onward,
While a faintly beaten drum
Quickened heart and step together:
"Sandie Murray! See, I come!"

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"Is it thus I find you, laddie?
  Wounded, lonely, lying here,
Playing thus the reveille?
  See—the morning is not near."
A moment paused the drummer boy,
  And lifted up his drooping head:
"Oh, Captain Grey, the light is coming,
  'Tis morning, and my prayers are said.

"Morning! See the plains grow brighter;
  Morning! and I'm going home;
That is why I play the measure,
  Mother will not see me come:
But you'll tell her, won't you, Captain——"
  Hush! The boy has spoken true;
To him the day had dawned for ever,
  Unbroken by the night tattoo.

BROTHER BRITONS.

DAVID LAWTON.

BROTHER Britons, there is danger
  To our well beloved land;
But it comes not from the stranger,
  Our's a foe that's near at hand.
Mighty armies we could fight with,
  Aye, and overcome them too;
But this foe we cannot smite with
  Swords, for weapons will not do.

Lo! he comes into our houses,
  Fills our shops, and streets, and lanes,
And the vilest passion rouses,
  Loads our sons with galling chains,
Worse than slays our lovely daughters;
  Rushing everywhere in haste,
Like a flood of mighty waters,
  Blighting, blackening, laying waste.

Britons, shall this dread invader
  Mar our country's life and peace?
Down from heaven to hell degrade her,
  Make her mighty influence cease?
No! we'll each one do our duty,
  Drive him from our sea-girt shore;
Then our land in moral beauty
  Bright shall bloom to fade no more.

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RESISTING THE SNARE.

ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

"STAND not within the way of sin,
Or with the scornful sit,
Nor in the path of sinners walk;"
Thus in the Book 'tis writ.

Resist the Devil, he *will flee*
And leave you undisturbed,
And all his snares shall never make
A good child break its word.

A simple story I will tell,
Which is both good and true,
And shows how e'en a little child
A noble act may do.

The subject of this little tale
Was happy Lucy Bell,
A conscientious, happy child,
As every one will tell.

One afternoon good Mrs. Bell,
With her fine children three,
Were seated in a cosy room,
Enjoying much their tea.

But George, the pride of all the house,
Was late at school that day;
The meal was done, the grace was said,
The tea-things cleared away.

"I'll cut a slice of cake for George,"
The mother said, and smiled;
For much she loved her darling boy,
He was her youngest child.

The cake was cut, and ready placed
With toast all nicely done,
Mary and Jane went out with Ma,
But Lucy stayed at home.

Of all the things that Lucy loved
Plum cake stood number one,
For small or large the piece she had,
She'd eat it every crumb.

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And Satan knew where she was like
To err from duty's way,
And now he came with crafty thoughts
To make her disobey.

"How I should like that piece of cake,"
Said Lucy to herself,
And without thinking of the act,
She took it from the shelf.

The plums they stared her in the face,
She seemed to hear them say
"Oh eat us up, we are so nice,
Give George some jam to-day."

She looks and longs, and longs and looks,
And almost picked a plum,
When swift the texts she learnt at school
Home to her memory come.

"Thou shalt not steal," caused her to think,
And soon the tempter crushed,
But, fearful she might yet be snared,
Quick from the room she rushed.

When safely from the tempter's bait
Beside her bed she knelt,
While many a tearful prayer she said,
And many a pang she felt.

Mary and Jane and Ma came home,
But Lucy where was she?
The servant said she'd gone to bed,
Then Ma went up to see;

"Oh, Ma," said Lucy, full of tears,
"I have been tempted so."
And then she told about the cake,
And how she fled her foe.

"My darling child," the mother said,
"Your heart is truly right,
Be sure you never will regret
The deed you've done to-night.

"For those who wish to keep from sin
Must shun the tempter's snare,
And when he speaks heed not his words,
But seek God's help in prayer.

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WANTING IN LOVE TO EACH OTHER.

OH! there's a theme to make each dream,
And power to make each hour
As light and sweet as the bloom at our feet
Which is culled from the May-day flower.
Men seek too high for things that are nigh,
Foregoing the help of a brother;
Selfish and blind is the state of the mind
When wanting in love to each other.

Oh! there's a plan to make each man
Happy the whole day through,
Nor need he to roam to better his home
Would we find him but work to do.
There's plenty of soil on which to toil,
And add to the golden dower,
Would men be but wise, and speedily rise
In loving and aiding each other.

Oh! there's a way to make each day,
And power to make each night
Bright as the moon and the sun's afternoon,
Would men be but wise and unite.
There's plenty for all, the great and the small,
And plenty to give to our brother;
We too often waste in our hurry and haste
By wanting in love to each other.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

G. W. Bungay.

OUT in the street, with naked feet,
I saw the drunkard's daughter—
Her tattered shawl was thin and small;
She little knew, for no one taught her.

Her skin was fair, her auburn hair
Was blown about her pretty forehead,
Her sad, white face wore sorrow's trace,
And want and woe that were not borrowed.

She softly said, "We have no bread,
No wood to keep the fire burning."
The child was ill; the wind so chill,
Her thin, cold blood to ice was turning.

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But men well fed and warmly clad,
And ladies robed in richest fashion,
Passed on the side where no one cried
To them for pity or compassion.

Fled that long night, and then the light
Of rosy day, in beauty shining,
Set dome and spire and roof on fire,
And shone on one beyond repining.

Asleep—alone—as cold as stone—
Where no dear, loving parent sought her;
In winding-sheet of snow and sleet,
Was found the drunkard's lifeless daughter.

GRANDPAPA AND HIS GRAND-CHILDREN.

WE are coming! we are coming!
What a merry host! ha, ha!
Laughing, shouting, singing, drumming,
We are coming, Grandpapa!

Here are Henrys, by the dozen;
Here are Marys, half-a-score!
Brother, sister, aunt, and cousin,
We are coming—many more.

We are coming! Willies, Lueys,
Anns and Lizzies, two and two,
Frank and Robert, little *gooses*,
We can find no mate for you.

We are coming! Edwards, Johnnys,
Harriet, Richard, George, Louise;
Lads and lasses, little cronies,
All are coming—What a squeeze!

We are coming! don't you hear us?
What a glorious noise we make!
Grandmamma, you well may fear us,
With your lemonade and cake.

We are coming! O believe us,
Happy, joyful, *glad*, hurrah!
In your open arms receive us,
With your blessing, Grandpapa!

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ENGLAND'S FOE.

S. C.

A MIGHTY giant walks the land,
And 'neath his heavy tread
Fair flowers of love and liberty
Lie withered, crush'd, and dead.
O Englishmen, arise! be strong,
Quit you like men once more,
And banish to his native place
This tyrant from your door.

See where the gloomy prisons stand
With many a grated cell,
Where man, God's noblest, latest work,
Now brutalized must dwell.
O Englishmen! will you not rise
As one man in the fight,
And bravely face this giant dread
To battle for the right?

Yon lofty walls rise dark and high
Round the asylum bare,
And wild and fearful is the cry
Of madmen lingering there.
Reason, God's highest gift to man,
Bends 'neath the giant's hand;
O helpless slaves, vile slaves are they
Within fair Britain's land.

Women and children pine for bread
In this our favour'd isle,
While men, alas! are wretched slaves
In bondage grim and vile.
How can these speak of freedom now,
As our forefathers spoke,
While they are slaves to alcohol,
And bow beneath the yoke?

Come, gather round the nightly board,
And let the wine be strong,
And let the glasses ring aloud
To the Bacchanalian song;
Dull care is drowned in brimming cup
And grief in sparkling bowl,
But virtue pure is drowned, O fools!
And the freedom of the soul.

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Go where the giant holds his court,
And mark his company,
Gaunt Famine, fell Disease, and Death,
Are his retainers three.
And Murder gory at his side
Laughs loud in drunken glee:
Arise, arise, my countrymen,
Shake off his chains—be free!

Unfurl the banner of the Cross,
Your battle cry prolong,
"For God and Freedom." Let the strain
Echo our hills among.
Till giant Alcohol so dread
Is banished from our shore,
And England raise the glorious shout
We're free! we're free once more!

A CONTRAST.

JOHN FAWCETT SKELTON.

WHERE the liquor-palace glareth
O'er the foul and gloomy court;
Where the thief his plunder shareth,
Where the vilest men resort;
Where the brandy-serpent creepeth
From his dark and slimy bed;
Where the fell Destroyer heapeth
Up his piles of maniac dead;—
There, there the drunkard goes,
Goes with unsteady gait,
Though for his dear soul he knows
Satan lieth there in wait.

On the other hand—where glistens
Home's bright hearth, with love o'ershed,
And his wife impatient listens
For his firm and manly tread;
Where his children and his neighbours
All rejoice to see him come;
Where he rests from daily labours
In his dear and peaceful home;—
There, there the wise man goes
Goes sober, strong and straight,
Smiling at his worldly woes:
Such a man is truly great.

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WE ARE WINNING BIT BY BIT.

JOHN ANDERSON.

WHY should our feet grow weary or our hands refuse to toil?
Although there's much to make us sad, there's more to make us smile.
Embannered foes surround us still, but these we shall outwit;
We know, and that should cheer us on, we're winning bit by bit.

Never o'erlook those lessons that are written for our good;
They are printed on the paths we tread, and published on the wood.
The spring from bud to blossom moves before the fruits are fit:
We know, and that should cheer us on, we're winning bit by bit.

See how the sun comes slipping out along the eastern sky—
An instantaneous blaze of light would blast the strongest eye.
So streak and beam come sailing forth, each bright and brighter yet:
We know, and that should cheer us on, we're winning bit by bit.

How grandly art from age to age unfolds that loving lore—
From hieroglyphs to talking leaves and telegrams we soar;
From pack-steed on to royal mail and iron horse we flit:
We know, and that should cheer us on, we're winning bit by bit.

The tyrant Drink still keeps the field, and leads a mighty host;
But here and there his ancient guards are flying from their post;
And while his friends diminish fast, his foes are closer knit:
We know, and that should cheer us on, we're winning bit by bit.

When right and might in battle meet, the conflict may be long;
But can we doubt whose lips shall sing the grand triumphant song?
Truth's diamond sword in Freedom's hand has ne'er been worsted yet:
We know, and that should cheer us on, we're winning bit by bit.

Temperance Record.

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LIVINGSTONE.

M. A. PAULL.

HIS noble work accomplished,
The hero laid him down;
His well-tried armour he put off
For the victor's golden crown.
With the glory of his heavenly home
E'en Afric's suns grew dim,
And the pœans of archangels
Were his coronation hymn.

Bright seraphs bade him welcome
To the presence of his God,
To the galaxy of noble men
Who the Master's steps have trod;
And the choirs of heavenly harpists,
And they who sweetly sing,
Made melody and harmony
Through heaven's courts to ring.

Past, are his toilsome journeys
Amid the deserts wild;
Over, the pain and weariness;
Our Father calls His child.
Home! was the prize before him,
On home his eyes were turned,
Dear Scotland, full of memories,
For her his breast had yearned.

Old England, too, he loved her,
Dear friends were Englishmen.
To Scotland and to England
His steps were journeying, when
The fatal dampness wrapped him
With close and sickly chill;
His faithful black boys nursed him
As he lay weak and ill.

Then earthly homes were far away,
Then earthly hopes grew dim;
But on that sodden Afric soil
God's angels watched o'er him.
Home! 'twas of home they whispered
In tones so soft, so sweet;
Home and eternal peace and rest
For those brave wandering feet.

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Home! and the cross they lifted
From the limbs now faint and worn.
Home! and his spirit soared away
By shining wings upborne.
Home! to the heart which loved him,
The good heroic wife,
Who walked beside him till her death,
His other self, his life.

Home! to the friend so constant,
Honoured and tried and true;
In heaven itself it must be joy
Such friendship to renew.
Home! to the Saviour's presence,
His Master, Brother, King,
To hear His voice, to see His smile,
His praise, His love, to sing.

Through the dreary lonely desert,
While his spirit meets his God,
His negroes, led by Chumah,
Traverse the marshy sod;
They bear his body gravely,
With reverence and with grief;
They knew his Christ-like goodness,
They dearly loved their chief.

Hungry and sick and mournful,
Two soon laid down to die,
And some desert the braver ranks,
For fear of death they fly;
But onward march the others,
These worthies of their race—
True men who loved our Livingstone
In our hearts find a place.

And still they travel onward,
This solemn march of death;
We read the tale with tearful eyes,
With sobs and bated breath.
This lesson full of beauty
Their conduct brings to view,
That he who lives a hero's life
Makes others heroes too.

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MY MISSION.

THEY speak in stately, sounding words
About our "mission" here,
And while they speak, my quivering lids
Can scarce retain the tear.
They talk of noble destinies,
Of grand and god-like deeds;
Such souls must surely bear the flowers,
Mine only beareth weeds!

I am not called to distant scenes
To sacrifice my life,
To preach the gospel-words of peace
To savages in strife.
I am not called to prison cells
To soothe the souls of woe;
No Howard mission is for me,
My destiny is low.

God knows all hero-acts and thoughts
Find echoes in my heart,
And with a steady fervency
I too would do my part;
But 'tis not given me to write
Upon the world my name,
Or send up to its giddy height
The glory of my fame.

am a pebble, gently cast
Into this ocean-tide;
The wavelets, as they circle past,
Seem neither deep nor wide;
Yet calm and noiseless ride they on
Far out into the sea,
And are assuredly a force
In Life's Infinity.

There is a "mission" then for me,
Though humble, yet divine;
A faint, soft light may stream from me,
Though not a star to shine.
What work lies nearest to my hand
That may I nobly do;
And midst our homely, household band,
Be simple, loving, true.

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Beside my hearth, and at my door,
Kind words may sweetly fall;
And he is sure not very poor,
Who gladly blesseth all!
O'er common things and common ways
A holy halo sheds:
For all unknown, the gentle tone
A merry sunlight spreads!

I may not sway the multitude
With witchery wild and strong;
But here, amidst my solitude,
I weave a hopeful song.
I am content with these my powers,
With these my lowly deeds,
Rememb'ring, He who formed the flowers
Hath also made the weeds!

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

YOU who judge by what you see
Often fail to judge aright!
Stars are shining solemnly
In the day as in the night;
All the day they lie concealed
By the glory of the sun,
But at eve they shine, revealed
In the azure, one by one.

So the daylight of a smile
May but veil the human face,
Hiding for a little while
Doubt, and care, and sorrow's trace;
So when shadow clouds of woe
O'er a happy face arise,
Still beneath the shadows glow
Stars of joy in gentle eyes.

Life is arch'd with changing skies;
Rarely are they what they seem;
Children, we, of smiles and sighs—
Much we know, but more we dream.
Look beneath the outward show
To the shadow or the light!
And from what you surely know,
Learn to see and judge aright.

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"I'M TOO YOUNG."

A Dialogue for a Boy and Girl.

JANE.—I think, George, I am too young to be a teetotaler; it is a very good thing for you, but I am too young.

GEORGE.—Are you too young to know right from wrong, Jane?

JANE.—I think you are teasing me, George! Why, I'm in the Bible Class at school. I shall be twelve next birthday, and you ask me if I know right from wrong!

GEORGE.—Well, Jane, don't be angry—you complained of being too young just now; but if you know right from wrong, why total abstinence from strong drinks is right, and drinking them is wrong. And if you are not too young to *know*, you can't be too young to *do*, what is right.

JANE.—I never do drink, George, only a glass of wine at our school breaking up, and a little taste of punch with Uncle John, when I go to see him—that's all.

GEORGE.—Are you in the habit of often seeing people take these drinks?

JANE.—Oh, no, George! My parents are teetotalers, you know. We have no such drinks at home. I only see them at Uncle John's and at our breaking up.

GEORGE.—Why, Jane, in that case, you take them as often as you can get them, and the drunkard does no more.

JANE.—Dear me! how harshly you speak—comparing me to a drunkard! Who ever heard of a little girl being a drunkard?

GEORGE.—Little girls grow to be women; and women, Jane, are sometimes so lost as to be drunkards. I have read in the works of a great poet these words, 'The child is father to the man;' meaning that the habits we get in childhood will grow with us. Do you think that strip of muslin you are hemming would ever be done by you, if you never begun it?

JANE.—What a simple question! Why to be sure it would not.

GEORGE.—Well, simple as it is, the case of poor lost

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drunkards is like that strip of muslin. Every drop they took from the very first beginning, helped on to the completion of their bad habit, as surely as every stitch you take helps on till the whole is completed. Is not that plain?

JANE.—Why, yes, it seems so.

GEORGE.—Everything, Jane, both good and evil, must have a beginning; and the habits we get in childhood are often so strong that we can never throw them off. You mentioned, just now, Uncle John and his punch; and you know he learned to take strong drink in his youth in the navy, and now he is quite disabled with gout. What is the reason *he* does not become a teetotaler?

JANE.—Oh, he says he is too old, and that he learned to drink in his youth.

GEORGE.—He was not too young, Jane, to learn to drink! You think yourself too young to learn to abstain.

JANE.—Oh, if ever I thought for a moment I should be a drunkard, I would not think myself too young.

GEORGE.—And do you suppose any one ever does think of becoming a drunkard?

JANE.—Why no; I dare say they get into a bad habit before they are at all aware of it. But, George, how could I refuse to take wine at the breaking up—I should be laughed at.

GEORGE.—And would you do wrong for fear of being laughed at? Oh, that is not like a child who reads her Bible. You know you should do your duty through good report and through evil report. Some wicked people laugh at religion—would you be ashamed of religion on that account?

JANE.—Oh no! for our Lord has said, 'Whosoever is ashamed of Me before men, of him will I be ashamed.'

GEORGE.—Well, then, why be ashamed of teetotalism, which is a plain carrying out of the command, 'As you have opportunity do good unto all men'?

JANE.—Well, I think I have been wrong.

GEORGE.—I think you have, Jane. You are not too young to read your Bible, and to understand parts of it. Neither are you too young to be a Christian. How, then, can you be too

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young to understand this plain fact, that if you would for ever avoid the snare of intemperance yourself, and set a good example of perfect sobriety to others, you must abstain from drinks that cause intemperance?

JANE.—Well, George, I thought it did not much matter about children being teetotalers; but you have taught me better. *I see that we are never too young to do that which is good.*

DARLING ROSA.

W. P. W. BUXTON.

LIKE the fragrant breath of spring
Came our Rosa;
She was such a dainty thing,
Our dear Rosa.
Like hawthorn in the month of May,
Or dews that danced at break of day,
She came to make us glad and gay—
Darling Rosa.

Birds were singing in the air
For our Rosa;
Zephyr breezes everywhere
Played with Rosa.
She nestled on her mother's breast,
And watched the skies in azure drest,
Or evening sun sink slow to rest—
Darling Rosa.

Rose-buds blooming sweet and gay
Smiled on Rosa;
Shedding perfume by the way
For our Rosa.
As daily she more winsome grew,
More brightly gleamed her eyes of blue,
Like blossoms wet with early dew—
Darling Rosa.

May the sunny rays of spring
Bless our Rosa:
And its balmy breezes bring
Smiles for Rosa.
May peace and joy with beaming light
Shed golden days of sunshine bright,
To cheer and bless each day and night,
Darling Rosa.

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THE STREAM AND THE VINE.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

"JOY!" said the merry mountain Vine,
"A glorious lot is surely mine;
How proud am I in vintage time,
When pleasure fills the sunny clime;
When my lithe arms droop richly down,
O'er maiden decked with vine-leaf crown;
When my full fruit is plucked and pressed,
To fire the brain and warm the breast;
When Bacchus reels, with flask in hand,
Laughing and quaffing o'er the land;
And Beauty's eyes with soft light shine—
Joy!" said the merry mountain Vine.

"Joy!" said the merry mountain Stream,
That flashed in morning's rosy beam,
"On paths of peace I proudly go,
To cleanse and strengthen, as I flow.
The grass grows greener where I run,
Brighter the flowers, in shade or sun;
The pilgrim loves my freshening wave,
The peasant feels me cheer and save.
I bear no bane, I make no strife,
But offer calm and healthful life,
My waters bless where'er they gleam—
Joy!" said the merry mountain Stream.

"Lo!" said the Vine, "brave friends are met,
A jolly crew, a jovial set,
Who pour libations unto me,
And drain my blood with boisterous glee.
Up goes the glass, again, again,
Till wit and reason quit the brain.
Grows loud the laugh, grows lewd the tongue,
The bard breaks out in frantic song;
Roars the rude revel, drunk and dim,
Lamp, flask, and table reel and swim;
And the whole herd are mad with wine!—
Joy!" said the laughing mountain Vine.

"Look!" said the Stream, "yon hall of light
Giveth a blest and beauteous sight;
Men in serene and seemly guise,
Women with calm and grateful eyes,

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Age with the tranquil brow of truth,
Mild manhood and engaging youth;
They meet to hear, to learn, to teach
High thoughts that flow in lucid speech,
They talk of 'temperance,' and essay
To bring about man's better day;
And heaven will help the hopeful scheme—
Joy!" said the happy mountain Stream.

"Though bright to see," said Vine to Stream,
"Thy draught is dull as dotard's dream,
Puny and poor is *thy* control,
Thou hast no fire for sluggish soul."
"Though fair to see," said Stream to Vine,
"A sad and dangerous gift is thine,
Thou makest madness after mirth,
Thou spoilest man for Heaven or Earth."
Ye who are prone to love and peace,
Ye who would have disorder cease,
Ye who are happy, wise, and free,
Which is your choice, the Stream or Tree?

OUR ANGEL GUARD.

DAVID LAWTON.

MOVING unseen through the air,
Present with us everywhere,
We have all an angel guard
Keeping constant watch and ward.

Every deed he doth record,
Every look and thought and word,
Every feeling of the soul,
Lo! he writes it on his roll.

When forebodings fill our breast
With a deep and wild unrest;
Soon his snowy wings are spread
To avert the ills we dread.

Do we think of evil things?
Then the flutter of his wings
Wakes the conscience into life,
Warns it of the coming strife.

Turn we from the narrow road
That would lead our souls to God?
O'er our wandering he doth mourn,
Till our wayward feet return.

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Should the soul be dark within,
Struggling with some hated sin;
Stooping low he whispers: "Rise,
Heavenward turn in faith thine eyes."

And when we our foe have fought,
Victory gained through grace besought,
Then his sweet approving kiss
Fills us with a holy bliss.

Moving noiseless through the air,
Bending o'er us everywhere;
We have all an angel guard
Keeping tireless watch and ward.

DRUNKENNESS.

(*Translated from the French, by* A. H. H. Mc.Murtry, M.D.)

THEY were a noble pair, well-formed, and strong;
Twin brothers, close companions, mutual friends;
Rough artizans; in short as happy men
As those still are whom strong affection joins.
At morn, they gaily to the work-shop went,
And on the anvil beat, with hasty stroke,
The red-hot iron from the furnace drawn,
Amid the smithy's glare and curling smoke.

The time had come when Anthony and Paul
Must part. Their age was five-and-twenty years,
And then both loved, and simultaneously
Their double marriage celebrated they.
Their life was now a life of love and toil;
And, still more fast to bind this gentle chain,
Sweet children came; and each returning day
Rolled calmly by, and brought nor grief nor pain.

Alas! how easily our happiness
Is lessened, blighted, and for ever lost!
How sentiments of justice, honour, love,
Are oft destroyèd by a trifling cause!
Who strays an instant from stern duty's path
Is sometimes hurried to a fearful fall!
A moment comes when all is blank despair,
And life, once sweet and calm, is hideous all!

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One morning, Paul is going to his work
Right glad, when, at the corner of the street,
He meets a comrade. "Ah," the latter says,
"At length I see you! No, I cannot be
Mistaken! 'Tis my playmate! Happy fate,
To meet an old friend of a by-gone year!
Let's first a turn along the boulevard take,
And then we shall have breakfast and good cheer!"

To his old friend Paul yields not for a while:
"No, I have pressing work to do," he said.
"Tut, nonsense! you can stay a short time out;
'Tis Monday; don't so sober-minded be!
What! with an old chum won't you have a drink!
We shan't be long; an hour is all, you know.
I do assure you, much of you I'd think
If you refused me! As I live, you'll go!"

The workman, giving way, says, "Well, let's go!
You ask one hour! Agreed! But, mind! no more!
For old acquaintance and good fellowship,
We'll have a drop and then return to work."
Then they shake hands, and to the tavern go;
They chat, and eat, and laugh, and drink of wine
One bottle, then a second, then a third—
Their thirst with drink increasing, I opine.

Alas! th' unhappy man the first wrong step
Has ta'en, and quickly he goes on to gross excess.
He drinks to drown remorse; he hates to work;
And, even if he tried, his strength is gone.
Wine does not satisfy—he needs a drink
Which burns his throat, and brings forgetfulness;
He now the strongest brandy madly quaffs,
And curses home with daily drunkenness.

He'll never more industrious workman be—
All vigour lost, all spirit in him crushed,
All hope of happiness for ever fled.
At times a fit of madness seizes him—
"My wife, my children! what will 'come of them?
They cold and hungry are! while I am drunk!
I, miserable wretch! who should them feed!
How can I bear the shame in which I'm sunk!

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Against his love of drink the workman tried
In vain to struggle ; for Intemperance
Held fast her victim in her iron chains.
Vice still imprints its mark upon the face :
He vanquished look'd, and crush'd ! Honour and love
Both dead ! Limbs trembling ! Brain delirious !
Still more each day he wallows in excess,
Unable now to see its loathsomeness.

Anthony in the fear of God had lived,
Surrounded by domestic peace and joy ;
No pleasures gross in that chaste circle known !
What needs he more ? His little daughter's kiss
And little son's are all his heart desires.
With wife and them he passed his leisure hours.
Each morn he for his work fresh ardour found,
His mind at ease within a body sound.

One night Paul to his wretched home returned.
His wife and children on a spare hard bed
Their aching bodies tossed uneasily.
Their tortured limbs, on that poor pallet stretch'd,
And painful grin, were frightful to behold.
E'en in their sleep they breathed forth plaintive moans.
Their faces deep despair and misery spoke,
And bore the impress of misfortune's stroke.

" Come, come ! " the drunkard, as he entered, cried ;
" Wake up, and get me something here to eat !
I'm thirsty ! Get me brandy ! Will you stir ?
Rise quickly ! Come, now ! People must believe
They're not to put themselves about for me ! "
Livid, emaciated, rose his wife—
Her body showing many a deathly trace—
And earnest gazed upon his wine-blotched face.

" Look at your children ! *They* are starving, too !
Both they and I went supperless to bed
Last night ! Behold them ! Wherefore come you here ?
They were asleep—In misery sleep is sweet !—
You've waked them ! Leave us ! Leave us to ourselves !
Away ! Unnatural monster ! Ne'er come—oh !
Begone, sir ! We detest you ! Hence ! Away !
Better a hundred deaths than see you ! Go ! "

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He's seized with anger, and, with clenchèd fist
He strikes his wife down with repeated blows.
At once her countenance regains its fire!
No more in her the dove is recognized—
Her children famished!—She a tigress roars!
She froths and bites, and pants with furious rage!
Blood flows! The maddened mother on him springs,
And to the earth the worsted husband brings.

Staggering about, his hand a hammer finds—
Rusty, alas!—which once he used at work.
He loses all control; is like a bull
That fury blinds, that paws the earth with rage.
He brandishes the fatal instrument,
Which, quick as lightning, on his wife's head falls!
She utters a heart-rending cry, and dies!
The murder's done! Soon come remorse's calls.

* * * * *

Next day were found the two poor little ones
Kneeling, in tears, beside their mother's corpse;
And in a corner lay, with features worn,
And fixed and haggard eye, the father low.
His lips were muttering, with departing breath,
These words, repeated oft, in black distress:
"My wife! my children! cup of death! of death!"
He was insane!—All this does drunkenness!

ACROSTIC.

LIZZIE HIGGINS.

O nward, onward, ever onward,
N ever flinching, but still forward,
W ith one purpose true and strong,
A s each one, in prose and song,
R eaches out the helping hand,
D rink's dread power to withstand.

R eady, steady, on we go
E arnestly to brave the foe;
C ourage strong need we to fight
I ntemperance from the battle height;
T rusting not in mortal aid,
E ver on the promise stayed—
R ewards shall crown the faithful head.

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FACING THE INIMY.

ROBERT CROMPTON.

OLD Micky Muldoon had a soldier been,
But he was a cobbler when I was a boy,
And capital boots he made, I ween,
And he used to talk of the times he had seen
When battles and sieges were all his joy.

As he sat in his stall he was blithe and gay;
And he chatted and sang the live-long day;
And hammered, and stitched, and hammered away,
Whilst labelled "Potheen"
A bottle was seen
On his small window shelf that was painted green.

"That's the Inimy," Micky Muldoon would say:
"May its shadow be never
A jot less, for ever!"
And—I noticed the spirit from day to day—
It never grew less, no, never!

Mick would say:—"Wid me bonny brown Bess I have marched
Along highways of Belgium, all dusty and parched,
Whin we gave to the caperin' soldiers of France
A succession of balls that oft made them dance.
If their rations ran short, and to us they would come,
Warm wilkim they'd get, and fresh rowls—on the dhrum.
They bit the grass
At Quarther Brass,—
As Nibuchadnezzar of owld did, alas!—
At Watherloo
We bate them, too;
Till the sons
Of pop-guns
Cried:—'Ah, *morbleu!*'
And '*misericorde!*'—they meant *wirasthru!*
But the frogs didn't undtherstand Irish, *eroo!*
Well, we tuk the consate
Out of Boney's pate;
For we bate him, as this leather sole I bate,
To the discontint of his own hard heart.
Flesh and blood couldn't shtand that Boney-part!

"Sorra scratch I resaved: for that, gracious I thank,
But ooh, murther, the lashins of whiskey I dhrank!

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That's the Inimy, boy,
That does more min destroy
Than did Cæsar, or Boney, or Hecthor at Throy.
But if I had to go through another campaign,
I'd dhrink naythor brandy, whiskey, nor beer,
Nor poort wine, nor clar't, nor yet rum, nor champagne;
But I'd fight upon wather, to keep me head clear.

"I'd been a cordwainer, sir; that was me thrade;
But dhrunk and valiant, one day I was willin
To list. Shure an Irishman's niver afraid:
So I threw down me lapstone, and took the King's shillin'.
Whin pace was proclaimed, though, I got me discharge:
Thin, me uncle Pat Kelly, the brogue-maker, died;
So I took to his business, and felt meself large,
And I dhrank till the pigs wouldn't lie by me side.
Shure in thim days I thought that the dhrink bate the prog,
And I sang, wid ould Dibdin, 'There's nothing like grog.'

"Och! thim Potes do have much to be answering for;
'Love and Wine' they all praise,
And upraise
In their lays:
'Love and Wine! Love and Wine!' from Anacreon's days
To the days of Tom Moore,
It was 'Wine! Wine: *galore!*'
Though our own Pote, *asthore!*
Sang of Wine a dale less, and of Love a dale more,
For he knew that pure Love spreads his pinions, and flies
From the couch where the drunkard and wine-bibber lies.

"Well, I soon lost me all through the whiskey and gin,
And I came to me awl and me lapstone agin;
Then, me vows to god Bacchus I far from me cast,
And I tuk a new vow, and I shtuck to me last.
Me owld foe, King Alcohol,—tyrant accurst,—
Wid his army—Blue Devils and Undying Thirst—
I resolved to surround, and I did it alone:
I tuk them all prisoners—their power was o'erthrown.
See the Spirit accurst, in a prison of glass,
See! Potheen, in that bottle, me tyrant, that was;
And from that crystal shell nevermore shall it pass,
An ould soldier, you know,
Always faces his foe—
I face mine, and I mane, while I live, to do so."

Irish Temperance League Journal.

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TESTIMONY OF THE DEAD.

A. J. Glasspool.

THE night was cold, the hour was late,
The silvery moonbeams bright
Shed a rich lustre o'er the graves
In the churchyard on the height,
And o'er the tombs my shadow fell;
So beauteous was the night.

I wandered on, passed many a mound,
Enraptured by the scene:
My thoughts of those whose names upon
The silent graves had been,
But now effaced by cruel time,
And no more to be seen.

Upon the graves I love to think,
And so I sat me down,
And in a dream I saw the dead
Rise up and gaze around;
With many a one that I had known
In yonder neighbouring town.

The aged and the young passed by;
The mother and her child;
The bride adorned with orange wreaths;
The widow weeping wild;
The graves all opened, and the dead
In long procession filed.

But one strange figure by me stayed,
A widow bent with grief;
Her tears ran fast, her sobs were loud,
Her heart gained no relief;
Of all the sorrowing ones that passed
She was of all the chief.

"Why weepest thou?" I asked. She stopped,
And wiped away her tears,
Then in a deep sepulchral voice—
That voice increased my fears—
She told the tale I'll tell to you;
It ringeth in mine ears.

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"Why weep I thus? O man of stone!
Hast thou a heart to feel?
And canst thou to the wounded breast
Procure a balm to heal?
Go, tell to others all the grief
That I to thee reveal.

"I once was young and beautiful,
And soon became a bride;
My heart was bound to one whose love
Shall never be denied,
And for my joy, through opening years,
His every thought applied.

"God gave to me a little son,
The brightest ever known,
And of my heart he was the king,
He sat upon the throne:
Alas! the evil days came soon;
My husband stayed from home.

"Night after night I waited long,
I could not sleep or rest;
And when he knocked I ran and held
My husband to my breast,
He heeded not my loving kiss
Or yet my warm caress.

"His eyes glared wildly, and his tongue
Mysterious threatenings said;
And once a cruel blow he struck,
The wound is on my head;
He tried to kill my darling boy,
I snatched him from the bed.

"What caused the change I could not tell,
But soon the truth was known:
He loved the dice-box and the drink;
These kept him from his home.
And when I felt his burning breath,
My heart was changed to stone.

"How oft I prayed, and wrestled much
That God would end my life,
And take me and my darling boy
From this dark world of strife,
That I might never know the grief
Of many a drunkard's wife.

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"One night, how I remember it,
The clock had just struck three,
I sat beside a fireless grate,
My babe upon my knee;
I heard a step upon the stairs;
I trembled fearfully.

"A strange foreboding made me turn
The lock upon the door:
My husband knocked, and knocked again,
And fearful oaths he swore;
Then burst the lock, and with a blow
He felled me to the floor.

"I screamed for mercy and implored
Him not to harm the child,
He heeded not my tears and cries,
His eyes flashed fierce and wild,
In vain I bid him stay his hand,
He would not be beguiled.

"I heard my darling baby scream,
I tried to raise a cry,
But loss of blood and sudden fright
Each effort did deny;
I saw the flames dart round the room
Before a hand was nigh.

"And in the struggle came a crash,
The lamp fell on the ground,
Alas! the curling wreaths of smoke
Were gathering all around,
And he was helpless to protect,
No saving hand was found.

"Next morn my wounded body lay
Within another home;
I called for husband and for child,
Alas! they could not come;
Since they were dead, I could but die;
I rested in the tomb.

"And even now I cannot rest
Beneath my bed of stone;
Amongst the tombs at dead of night
My constant walk I roam,
To tell whoever I may meet
To let the drink alone."

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The story done, the figure raised
Her hands all marked with clay,
Then cursed the drink in language wild
Till near the break of day,
And with the first beam of the light
She vanished all away.

MY FIRST DOLL.

W. A. Eaton.

HOW well I remember my first new doll,
With beautiful golden hair,
And bright blue eyes so large and full,
So closed when laid on a chair.
Her frock was pink, and white with lace,
Her sash a lovely green,
But, oh, my dolly's charming face
Was the prettiest I had seen!

Her small red shoes so nice and tight
I kissed them o'er and o'er,
I always took them off at night,
And placed them near the door.
She was not like my brother Fred
A tiresome little Turk,
She always went so good to bed,
She had such easy work.

I remember well when Papa came,
"I've a doll for Mary," he said;
And when I heard him call my name,
I jumped right out of bed.
I ran down stairs with naked feet,
Ne'er thinking of the cold,
I saw my doll with face so sweet,
And hair of shining gold.

I kissed Papa a hundred times,
Then back to bed I went,
I dreamt of happy fairy climes
Where a thousand dolls were sent.
In the morning I forgot my prayers
When I knelt by the bedroom chair,
I hurt my foot as I ran down stairs
To see if my doll was there.

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Ah! how I nursed it all day long,
While Mamma smiled to see
Me cuddle it tight as I sang a song,
And danced it on my knee.
My precious doll with golden hair
I never shall forget,
It was my treasure everywhere,
My darling little pet.

THE CAUSE OF OUR SUCCESS.

GEORGE BARRY.

WHO knows the reason why the cause
Of temperance is progressing?
Why daily multiply the men
Our principles professing?
Few are the years ago, we know
When abstinence was slighted;
When few the hands that joined to save
The homes strong drink had blighted.
But now by tens of thousands is
Sobriety commended;
By thousands more of England's youth
Her gatherings are attended.
Pray what has caused this vast success
Beheld throughout the nation?
The workers once so few, but now
In every rank and station!
Is it the fruit of orat'ry,
The toil of Christian pastors,
Of statesmen, of philosophers
Discerning drink's disasters?
Did men of science lend their light,
The evil all revealing?
Were poets heard throughout the land
In song to men appealing?
Ah! no, the men of thought and power
But little care bestowing,
Did scarce with little finger help
The monster's overthrowing.

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The cause of this conviction wide
More solemn is, more sadd'ning;
Were eloquence alone its source,
The prospect then were gladd'ning.
But this it is: the spirit foul
Himself has broke among us;
His shade has fall'n across our homes
And hearts; his fang has stung us.
His hideous form upon our eyes,
How could we be unheeding?
How, with indifference, see loved ones
Beneath his weapon bleeding?
If we should need a warning voice
To tell us of the danger,
When in our midst—so close ourselves—
What folly could be stranger?
And where's the man in all the land
Who knows it has not found him?
Who says it ne'er has smitten one
To whom affection bound him?
Alas! we one and all must own
'Tis ever coming nearer,
Some it has slain whom we esteemed,
Yea, some that e'en were dearer.
We've watched the fading of the hopes
That all their prospect lighted:
The beauteous lives by drink were quenched,
And all those hopes were blighted.
And how the earnest question comes,
Who next is marked for falling?
What brother's or what sister's shame
Will come, our hearts appalling?
When 'twas the stranger, poor, despised,
Alone, who was the weeper?
Ourselves we did persuade that we
Were not our brother's keeper.
But now the cry among our own,
Is causing our awaking;
By thousands to the conflict we
At last our way are taking.
If loved ones round our hearth must from
The evil be defended,
'Tis ours to oppose with might, the foe,
That myriads has offended.

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THE RIGHT CHANGE.

A Dialogue.

By W. A. EATON, (Author of "While the Sabbath bells were ringing," &c., &c.)

Characters: Tom Smith and Will Jones.

TOM (*enters, looking at some coppers in his hand in a doubtful manner*). No, it isn't right—I can't make it come right anyhow.

Will (*meeting him*). Hallo, Tom! what's up now? You look as if you had lost sixpence and found threepence.

Tom. Well, it's not exactly that. I've not got my money right, and I can't make it come right.

Will. Oh, that's it, is it? Where have you been to get in such a pickle?

Tom. Well, I was at the "Blue Last," last night, and I know I had half-a-crown in my pocket, and now I've only got twopence-halfpenny.

Will. Ha, ha, ha! Why, that's very likely. They won't let you bring much away when once they get you in there. I dare say you spent the money, only you were not clear-headed enough to reckon it up then, and of course you don't recollect it now.

Tom. I am certain I never spent two shillings and threepence-halfpenny last night, I am quite sure of that.

Will. I wouldn't be too positive if I were you, Tom! Your memory isn't so very exact as all that, you know. By the way, what time did you get home last night?

Tom. Well, I think it was about one o'clock this morning, but I won't be certain. I know the old lady gave me a good talking to about it.

Will. I should think so indeed! What would you say to her if she kept such hours, I should like to know. One o'clock in the morning! No wonder you look pale to-day! Was there anything *special* on at the "Blue Last"?

Tom. Oh, yes, there was a grand entertainment, and a good many professionals were there. You should have heard

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that fellow, I forget what he calls himself, sing "One more glass before we part." And didn't we join in the chorus!

WILL. Ha, ha, ha, poor fellows! and order an extra glass or two to illustrate the song, I suppose? Those are the kind of songs that make the landlords rub their hands. And you poor silly sheep can't see plainer than that! Why, the publicans can afford to pay a singer well for singing a song of that description.

TOM. Well, of course, the landlords must live as well as other people. It's a good business and very respectable.

WILL. Oh, yes, *very* respectable. Where are nine-tenths of the robberies concocted? and where do the thieves spend their ill-gotten wealth? Why, in the public-house, to be sure. Well may our poorhouses and prisons fill while those places are open from early morn till late at night ready to entrap men, women, and even children, and lure them on to ruin.

TOM. Why, Will, you would make a capital teetotal spouter. Let me know when you are going to hold forth, and I'll come.

WILL. I have no pretensions to oratory, but if I had I certainly should think it my duty to go upon the platform and advocate the principles of total abstinence. I believe there is no greater stumbling-block in the way of the moral and social elevation of the people of England, than the habit of using intoxicating drink.

TOM. Well, Mr. Lecturer, and where did you spend *your* evening may I ask? Threading needles for your wife while she darned the stockings?

WILL. Not exactly, although I might have done worse than that. When you were courting Mrs. S. I have no doubt you thought it a grand privilege to be allowed to thread a needle or wind cotton for her.

TOM. Oh yes! that was before the "curtain lectures" commenced. But you havn't told me how you spent your evening.

WILL. Oh, I went to an entertainment.

TOM. You went to an entertainment, did you? Why you are getting gay, I declare!

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WILL. Yes, I was gay, as gay as the merriest there.

TOM. Did you sing "One more glass before we part?"

WILL. No, we did not. It was a Band of Hope entertainment, and the children sang. They sang about glasses too, but it was glasses of pure, bright water.

TOM. And did you get your right change?

WILL. Oh yes! I got all I went for and a good deal more. I sat and listened to the glad voices of the little ones, and I thought "of such is the kingdom of Heaven," and it seemed as if the pearly gates were coming nearer as their sweet songs rang out from their happy hearts. Did I get my right change? Aye! that I did. I got a change from weary labour, a change that did me good. You will never get your right change in a public-house: you will get misery and poverty, shame and wretchedness. Your right change would be to reform your life altogether and become a teetotaler.

TOM. Well, I really think I'll try your teetotalism. When I found my pocket so light this morning I had half a mind to give up drinking, and now what you have said has quite settled the matter. I'll sign the pledge, and when I take home my card you will all say that I have got the "right change."

SUNBEAMS.

I LOVE you, golden sunbeams
Shining bright upon the wall;
You cheer my scattered day-dreams,
Shedding glorious light on all.

I can see you down the hollow
Where the merry children play:
Golden sunbeams! I would follow,
Just to watch you for a day.

I can see the flowers open
Where you fall upon the grass;
And they wear their gayest colours
For a welcome as you pass.

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I can hear the young birds twitter
From their homes in leafy nooks;
And a thousand diamonds glitter
When you dance upon the brooks.

Then I see a darkened chamber
Where a maiden lies in pain;
And a soft voice sadly murmurs,
"Let me see the sun again.

"Sister Katie, draw the curtain,
Lift the window, turn the blind:
I'll be better, I am certain,
When I feel the summer wind."

Then the sunbeams, softly stealing,
Cross the crimson-covered floor:
Some shine bright upon the ceiling,
Others rest upon the door.

And she feels their warm caresses
When they linger on her bed,
Kiss her brow, and light her tresses
Like a glory round her head.

Ere they came, a weight of sorrows
Lay upon her heart and eyes:
Ere they go, from them she borrows
Thoughts which make the burden rise.

They had found her faint and fearful;
But they whispered in their love,—
"Timid maiden, why so tearful?
Lift, and leave all cares above!"

Golden sunbeams, brightly shining
'Neath yon dark cloud's purple breast;
Bringing from its brilliant lining
Messages of peace, of rest.

Oh! let us, like you, be giving
Genial light and love abroad;
That all round us, by our living,
May be cheered upon their road.

Let us labour, nothing fearing,
Earnestly and humbly too;
For we know the night is nearing,
When we no more work can do.

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DRINK NOT A DROP.

IF I would not be a drunkard,
I must not drink a drop
Of wine that looks so tempting
Within the ruby cup;
For such a small beginning,
Though innocent it seem,
May lead me on to sinning
More fearful than I dream.

If I would not be a drunkard,
I stoutly must refuse
All the sorts of beer and cider
Which other people use.
They may not steal my reason,
But they will give the taste;
And lead me on when older
To desire for the rest.

COMMON THINGS.

MRS. HAWKSHAWE.

THE sunshine is a glorious thing,
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing,
It through the window gleams
Upon the snowy pillow where
The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher's boat
Out on the lovely sea;
Or where the little lambkins lie,
Beneath the old oak tree.

The dew-drops on the summer morn,
Sparkle upon the grass;
The village children brush them off,
That through the meadows pass.

There are no gems in monarchs' crowns
More beautiful than they;
And yet we scarcely notice them,
But tread them off in play.

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Poor Robin on the pear-tree sings,
Beside the cottage-door;
The heath-flower fills the air with sweets,
Upon the pathless moor.

There are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who sit by cottage-hearths
As those who sit on thrones!

WORK: HONOURABLE.

THOSE who toil to earn their bread
Need not grumble at their lot;
They in noble footsteps tread,
And a claim to life have got.
Toil is not the wage of sin,
For in Eden work was given;
Man was made to work and win
Spoil of earth and bliss of heaven.

He who at the anvil stands,
Striking while the iron glows,
Though he works with horny hands,
Nobly strikes the ringing blows.
At the loom and in the field,
In the shop and on the soil,
Where men wisely power wield
There is dignity in toil.

He who works with throbbing brain,
Thinks, to teach men how to live;
Writes, that others good may gain,
Speaks, to truth fresh zest to give,—
He can claim the manly right
With the sons of toil to stand,
He asserts his mental might,
Helps to bless his native land.

He who lives a life of ease,
Idly wasting all his days,
Aiming only self to please,
Filled with pride, and courting praise,—

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Call him not a noble man,
Such existence is a shame;
And when ends his life's blank span,
Soon will die his empty name.

All things labour for our good,
He who made us never sleeps;
He who tills the ground for good
For his pains a harvest reaps.
None who work need feel ashamed
While they do what good they can;
'Tis an honour to be named,
As we toil, "a working man."

A DINNER AND A KISS.

"I'VE brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm the kettle
And lifted its shining lid.
"There is no pie or pudding,
So I will give you this,"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left the childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savour
Hid in his humble food;
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss;
But he never thought of magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she, with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay.
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss,
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

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THE SAGE'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

DAVID LAWTON.

ENVY not the rich and great;
Wish not for a fine estate;
Seek not fame, nor power, nor place;
Join not in ambition's race.

Wine, the mocker, do not taste;
Oh, 'tis worse than wilful waste
Such a worthless thing to buy,
It can yield no lasting joy.

Listen! for I serious am;
Worldly glory's but a sham;
Crowns and wreaths are gaudy toys,
Sounding titles, empty noise.

Fashion's glitter and display
Are but gildings for decay;
And its boasted pleasures vain
Prove a weariness and pain.

Crowns oppress the wearer's head,
Sleepless oft the monarch's bed;
'Neath the ducal coronet
Carking care its mark hath set.

Wealth, the idol of to-day,
Takes its wings and flies away:
Fame, that glittering bubble bright,
Bursts in its pursuer's sight.

Selfish, high ambitious aims—
Power and place and titled names,—
Things which only worldlings prize,
Oh! from such turn off thine eyes.

Would'st thou satisfaction find?
Leave all vanities behind,
Wisdom's proffer'd pleasures take,
At her fount thy spirit slake.

Look at grander, nobler things;
Seek the source from whence there springs
Joys the world can never give,
Life thou need'st not fear to live.

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A TALE OF A TAIL.

JOHN FAWCETT SKELTON.

IN the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and blank,
A certain great people were seized with a passion,
(Especially that portion with riches and rank),
To do all the foolish commands of King Fashion.
He ruled o'er the land with a terrible rod,
A thousand times morally harder than steel;
His followers promptly regarding his nod,
While he crushed their humanity under his heel.

His ridiculous mandates had long been obeyed,
In high and low circles the broad land throughout;
Great noble and madam, plain matron and maid
Had been led up and down, as it were, by the snout.
From little to more, and from that to a pitch
Of feelingless folly I blush to record;
Till at last from the throne of this wizard (or witch)
Went forth to the nations this right royal word:—

"Henceforth stylish folk must accompanied be
By a small dog of some kind *without any tail*,
(Like the Manx cats and kittens from over the sea),
Not even a stump must they wag in the gale!"
What a howling and moaning resounds through the air,
From kennels unnumbered in country and town!
There's blood on a thousand hard blocks,—everywhere
There be pitiless proofs of King Fashion's renown.

Lady Littlewit heard of the royal decree,
And thought of her Flora's fine tail with regret;
But to her man Barney (the ostler) says she,
"I want you to cut off the tail of my pet.
Here, take the dear animal into the yard,
And cut it as close to herself as you can."
"I will, ma'am," says Barney," "I lave ye me word;"
And away for the cook's kitchen-cleaver he ran.

By-and-by the fine lady heard Flora give out
Her first yell of anguish, as Barney, (the Pat)
Fell to doing his mistress's order no doubt;
But soon came another yell louder than that.

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Then others, at intervals, louder than all,
Floated in through the window half open for air;
So she bid her own maid the man Barney to call,
For the row in the yard became dreadful to bear.

"Barney! Barney!" said she, when the fellow came in,
His face mottled over with blood and with grime,
"Poor Flora is making a horrible din:
Have you cut off her tail yet, so long and so thin?"
And Barney replied with the kindliest grin,—
"Sure I'm cuttin' it aff, ma'm, a bit at a time."

Now, applying this tale of a tail unto *drink*—
There be drunkards would willingly have it cut off,
But not at *a blow*, for they curiously think
That death or long sickness would come, sure enough,
Through deed so decisive. But no—we maintain
That cutting it off at *a blow* were sublime—
Less danger therein, and temptation and pain,
Than weaning one's self off "a bit at a time."

For each glass is "a bit," and the wound bleeds afresh,
And the soul of the patient is terribly torn,
While the claws of the demon sink into his flesh,
And he curses the light of the day he was born.
Cut *once and for all* then, ye drunkards undone;
Break the bottle and trifle no more with the flame;
Pray that God, for the sake of his crucified Son,
Give you strength to resist in *His* own Mighty Name.

HOPE FOR THE BEST.

ROBERT H. BROWN.

LET us hope for the best—it is better
To struggle than yield to despair;
Hope breaketh each link of the fetter,
And scoffs at the bondage of care;
It lightens the hand of affliction,
It smileth at shadows and fears,
And with the warm rays of conviction
It drieth the valley of tears!
Then throw off the sorrowful bond,
Dispel the dark yoke from your breast;
Oh, who would submit and despond?
Better struggle and hope for the best!

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Let us hope for the best—never fear,
Though lost in adversity's track;
To sigh or to let fall a tear,
Will do little in guiding us back.
Meet misfortune as you would a stranger;
Be cautious and quicken your pace,
And shrink not in trial and danger,
But meet the foe full in the face!
Oh, who would turn off from the strife
When the shafts of adversity pressed?
Who would flee the great battle of Life?
Better struggle and—Hope for the best!

HOW NOBLE HARRY KEPT HIS WORD.

ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

THE boy stood firm, he would not go,
Though keen his father's look:
"Go fetch me drink at once," he said,
"And put aside thy book;"
But like a giant rock at sea
That stands amidst the storm,
He stood erect a noble lad,
Though but a childlike form.

"I cannot go," the boy replied
In accents firm and low,
"The sorrows of the public house
I never wish to know."
The father frowned, and dark the cloud
That came across his brow;
He raised his hand to strike a blow,—
"At once obey me now."

"Yes, father, I will gladly be
A good obedient son;
But give me, please, some other task;
It shall be quickly done."
"Put on thy cap and fetch me drink,
Stay not one instant more."
But brave the little hero stood,
His eyes upon the floor.

Then down he knelt and clasped his hands,
While tears ran down his face:
The father's heart began to melt,
He drew him back apace.

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"Oh father, do not send me there:
Oh what a shame to me,
That I who've signed the temperance pledge
Should bring the drink to thee."

"My teacher at the Band of Hope
Has bid me keep away
From every one, and every place,
Where I am like to stray.
And at the palace built for gin,
Full many a curse is heard,
And I have promised not to go,
I cannot break my word."

The angry father unsubdued,
His temper yet in storm,
Took down a jug that near him hung,
And bid the boy begone;
But still the child with tears and prayers
Bid father let him stay,
And he would give him all he had,
And serve him every day.

Then from the mantle-shelf he took
His little box of wood
In which he saved his trifling gifts,
For he was very good;
Then taking out six pennies bright:
'Twas all his little store:
He to his father offered them,
And knelt again once more.

"Dear father, I will give you all,
But do not make me go
To buy you drink which fills our home
With sorrow, want and woe."
The father's heart was melted now;
He lifted up his boy,
And held him closely to his heart,
While filled his eyes with joy.

"My noble boy, you shall not go,
But I will go to night
To see your Teacher at the school,
And there my name I'll write."
And so he did, and firm he stood,
And oft his voice is heard
Telling the story o'er and o'er,
How Harry kept his word.

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USE YOUR TALENTS WELL.

HAVE you read of the servant who hid in the earth
The talent his master had given,
When, by diligent use, to redouble its worth
He ought to have faithfully striven?
My friends, you have talents: God gave them to you,
And will surely require them again;
Take care not to waste them: if ever so few,
Let them not have been given in vain.

You have *speech*; then remember to watch your words well,
And let them be constant and kind;
It may seem a small matter, but no one can tell
The comfort a word leaves behind.
You have *time*; every minute and hour of the day
Is lent by your Father in heaven:
Make haste to improve, ere it passes away,
The talent so graciously given.

You have *influence*, too, though it seems very small;
Yet, in greater or lesser degree,
You affect the improvement and comfort of all
With whom you may happen to be.
And the child who in earnest endeavours to live
As an heir of eternity ought,
By his silent example a lesson may give
Which by words he could never have taught.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

S. C.

During the burning of Rome, when the Amphitheatre was a mass of flame, a lioness holding her cub in her mouth was seen to spring from the fire, and by a desperate leap to endeavour to gain the wall of a building opposite—the result is given below.

O THE glee of the roaring, dancing fire,
As it leapt in its wild and mad desire
To enfold each house and each lofty spire
In its hot and fierce embrace;
Now stealthily creeping like beast from his lair,
Now waving its red banners high in the air,
Or fitfully lighting the look of despair
On each upturned human face.

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Fire! Fire! see how the maddened throng
Are struggling and fighting their way along,
While the weak fall helpless beneath the strong
In the eager, reckless strife;
Even mothers forsake their babes and fly,
Unheeding their faint and pitiful cry,
Only, alas! like dead flowers to lie,
Dead—dead in the race for life.

Fire! Fire! It has caught the prison now,
Its hot breath is branding the murderer's brow,
He feels it far more than his guilt, I trow,
That kiss of burning ire;
Against the hot bars gleam their faces white,
Their shrieking and cursing ring thro' the night,
Till o'erpowered they drop one by one from sight
To feed the hungry fire.

Fire! Fire! Its mighty volumes grow;
O'er the theatre its darts flash to and fro,
Above the beasts that are prisoned below,
The terrible beasts of prey;
The forest king shudders that sound to hear,
And with bristling mane and with eye of fear
He watches the foe that is drawing near,
And howls in wild dismay.

But vain are the cries of the frantic brute,
And too soon the voice will be hushed and mute,
And the fire be master without dispute,
With Death for his comrade true;
When, with flames still licking her tawny side,
Where its forked tongues as bright serpents glide
As though they were seeking a place to hide,
A lioness sprang to view.

Like a child of the fire forth she sprung,
O'er the raging abyss one moment hung,
Still tenderly holding her precious young
With a mother's tender care:
'Twas for this through the blinding smoke she came,
For this she had faced the devouring flame,
Her love for her offspring her fears could tame;
All her mother heart could dare.

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One desperate leap, and all peril past,
She will stand with her young one safe at last,
Where the lurid flames will no longer cast
The fiery darts of Death:
She springs, and her foreteet have gained the wall—
She struggles, then with one despairing call,
Brave mother and offspring together fall,
Down, down to the street beneath.

One quivering shudder, and all is o'er;
She will feel the raging fire no more,
She heeds not the sound of its mighty roar,
Death has stilled her throbbing breast;
And the fire rolls madly on in its way,
Full proudly flaunting its colours gay
In the face of the pale and startled day,
And leaves her in peace to rest.

LET US TRY TO BE HAPPY.

ELIZABETH P. ROBERTS.

LET us try to be happy! we may if we will
Find some pleasures in life to o'erbalance the ill;
There was never an evil, if well understood,
But what, rightly managed, would turn to a good.
If we were but as ready to look to the light
As we are to sit moping because it is night,
We shoul i own it a truth, both in word and in deed,
That who *tries* to be happy is sure to succeed.

Let us try to be happy! some shades of regret
Are sure to hang round, which we cannot forget.
There are times when the lightest of spirits must bow
And the sunniest face wear a cloud on its brow:
We must never bid feelings, the purest and best,
To lie blunted and cold in our bosoms at rest;
But the deeper our own grief, the greater the need
To try to be happy, lest *other* hearts bleed.

Oh! try to be happy! It is not for long
We shall cheer on each other by counsel or song:
If we make the best use of our time that we may,
There is much we can do to enliven the way.
Let us only in earnestness each do our best
Before God and our Conscience, and trust for the rest;
Still taking this truth both in word and in deed,
That who *tries* to be happy is sure to succeed.

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WATER IS BEST.

A Dialogue. By David Lawton.

CHARACTERS:

John .....A Drinker's Son.
Harry .....A Band of Hope Boy.

[*They advance from opposite sides of the platform.* John *with a pitcher, supposed to contain beer, in his hand.* Harry *with an empty water pail.*]

JOHN (*pointing scornfully to the water pail*). Going for water, eh?

Harry (*pointing to the pitcher*). Been for beer, I suppose?

John. Yes. (*Holds up the pitcher*). This is for father's supper. And I shall get a cupful for fetching it, to make me strong. Beer will thrash water anytime.

Harry. Oh, indeed! Well, that's not so bad either. I saw a good illustration of it yesterday. A man who had been drinking walked into the river, and, as soon as he found out where he was, he began thrashing the water in fine style with his hands and feet trying to get out again. But the water came very near thrashing him, for if someone had not helped him out he would have been drowned, poor man!

John. Oh, but I didn't mean anything like that.

Harry. Of course not. You meant that those who drink beer will be stronger than those who drink water.

John. Yes, that's just what I meant. And I think I'm right, too.

Harry. Well, but I think I shall be able to show you that you are wrong. According to your idea, those who take plenty of beer ought to be very strong; but I saw a man the other day who has been a drinker almost all his life, and his hands trembled, and his body shook all over as if it was going to fall to pieces. Once, I daresay, he thought as you do, that beer was good for him. You had better mind, John, for the beer may thrash you yet. It is a dangerous thing to play with.

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JOHN. Why, what harm can come from drinking good beer?

HARRY. You may get to like it so much that you cannot leave off taking it however much you may want to do.

JOHN. Nonsense. Beer is a lot better than water, I can tell you.

HARRY. Nay, but water is best.

JOHN (*disdainfully*). What can water do?

HARRY. What can beer do?

JOHN. Make people strong, of course.

HARRY (*knowingly*). But how does it make people strong, I should like to know?

JOHN (*looks puzzled and scratches his head*). I cannot tell you that.

HARRY (*triumphantly*). I thought not. It would puzzle wiser heads than ours to answer that.

JOHN. Well, but what can water do? tell me that.

HARRY. Almost everything! Look how it turns our great mill wheels, and carries the big ships from place to place, to say nothing about the little boats. Just think how the rain refreshes the land, and causes the grass, the flowers, and the corn to grow. Why, if there was no water you could not have the beer you seem to think so much of.

JOHN. How so?

HARRY. Because there would be nothing to make it of. The barley would not grow without rain; and then you must have water to brew with before you can make beer. We could do without beer a great deal better than with it, but we could not get along without water at all.

JOHN. Oh, I see. But how do you make it out that water is a better drink than beer?

HARRY. Because it will satisfy you when thirsty, and beer won't. People know when they have had enough water, but drinkers never seem to know when they are satisfied, for they are always drinking and always dry. And besides, water is one of the principal elements in the composition of our bodies;

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and when we drink it, we are taking something which will become a part of ourselves. But our stomachs cannot digest the alcohol which is the principal thing in beer, and without which people would never think of taking it. If someone gave you a shilling and you had a hole in your pocket and lost it, you would not be any the richer for having had it, would you?

JOHN. Oh no! certainly not.

HARRY. Well, if you drink beer to make you strong you will be no better for it, because it comes out of your body just as it went into it. In fact, it will make you worse instead of better.

JOHN. How can it make me worse?

HARRY. Because the alcohol, which I have just mentioned, is a deadly poison. So when you drink beer you are taking an enemy into your system which will do you harm just in proportion to the quantity taken and your strength to resist its ravages.

JOHN. Well, I did not know that before. You mean to say then that beer actually does people harm?

HARRY. Of course I do. And I think I have proved it already. Our bodies were never intended to have such a fiery thing as alcohol put into them. God who made our bodies, and knows what is best for them, gave us pure water to drink. But He did not give us beer, and therefore I think we may be sure He never intended us to have it.

JOHN. I never thought of that before. If father offers me any of his beer to-night I shall say "No, thank you!"

HARRY. That's right. I hope you will come with me, when I have fetched water for mother, to our Band of Hope Meeting; and our Secretary will be very glad to enrol you as a member.

JOHN. I shall be right glad to do so when I have taken this pitcher home.

HARRY. You have been trying beer-drinking a good while now. And when you have tried water-drinking as long, I think you will have learned from experience what I honestly believe to be a fact, that—WATER IS BEST. [*Exit.*

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THE UNWAVERING YOUNG TEETOTALER.

Rev. Dawson Burns.

(Many young teetotalers, as well as old ones, are tempted to do what they believe to be wrong. Sometimes these temptations are more in jest than in earnest. An account which the writer remembers to have read, of the reward given to a boy whose fidelity was thus proved, suggested the following lines.)

JOHN FAIRFIELD was a temperance lad,
Firm as a rock was he;
Temptations we are sure he had,
But he stood gallantly.

A gentleman John did entice—
"Drink, like a man, this glass;
And this bright shilling in a trice
From me to you shall pass."

"No manliness," saith honest John,
"'Twould be to yield to you;—
Perhaps I should be entering on
A path I long should rue."

"Tush! stop that timid, idle talk,"
The stranger quickly said;
"Those who in moderation walk
Lose neither heart nor head.

"A little drop good cheer ensures
To veteran and to boy;
Drink, and this broad crown-piece is yours!
Come, taste, and show your joy!"

"In vain you tempt me; I am bound
To taste not nor to touch;
And true to temperance I'll be found,
Though offered twice as much."

"Ah!" said the stranger, "how I find
The colour does not take;—
If yellow better suits your mind,
The prize a pound I'll make."

With flushing cheek and flashing eyes
The young abstainer spoke;—
"Your sovereign bait, Sir, I despise;
My pledge shall ne'er be broke."

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"Well settled," quoth the gentleman :—
"I did but feel your pulse :
Stick to your noble temperance plan,
And every foe repulse.

"The sovereign take, you've earned it, John,
'Tis yours to save or spend ;
And from this day as years roll on,
Count me your faithful friend !"

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

SUPPOSE the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up,"
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell,
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do ?
I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way ;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so ?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do ;
Although it has so little strength
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

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A BROTHER SLAIN BY DRINK.

"Write on my tombstone," cried a dying drunkard once,—"write on my tombstone, and make the letters large and deep; write but one word: 'Despair!'"—Rev. W. H. Murray, 1876.

COME near my bed. Nay, do not fear,
I am not now insane;
That fiend has left, and now the drear
And melancholy pain
Gives way to death, whose chilly breath
Sweeps by me, and in whisper saith
One word—"Despair!"

Ah, hope is past! I once had hope
And thought to break my chain;
But vain my strength with fiends to cope,
They drew me back again:
The tempting glass in friendship passed,
'Till drink's foul cords had bound me fast,
And brought "Despair!"

You'll put a tombstone o'er my head;
There *is* one o'er my heart!
You'll lay me gently with the dead;
But death can never part
My soul from grief, nor give relief.
So, on my tombstone write—be brief—
One word—"Despair!"

Ah! write it bold, and hew it deep,
That all who pass me by
May hush my body's fitful sleep
With tear-drop and with sigh.
Let not the wear of time come there—
Preserve, preserve the word with care;
One word—"Despair!"

There it shall show my life's sad end,
And there the warning tell,
And prove a stern, but faithful friend,
To all who heed it well:
And let them know, by my sad woe,
The end of drink's enticing flow
Is but "Despair!"

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Half hid beneath the willow's leaf,
By twining weeds o'ergrown,
This word, this warning accent brief,
Still marks a falling stone;
And, as you tread among the dead,
There rises o'er a grassy bed
One word—"Despair!"

C. B., *in British Temperance Advocate.*

ENGLAND'S HEART.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

ENGLAND'S heart! Oh, never fear
The sturdy good old stock;
Nothing's false and hollow here,
But solid as a rock:
England's heart is sound enough,
And safe in its old place,
Honest, loyal, blithe, and bluff,
And open as her face!

England's heart! with beating nerves
It rallies for the throne,—
And with Luther, well preserves
The knee for God alone!
England's heart is sound enough,
Unshaken and serene,
Like her oak trees true and tough
And old—but glad and green!

England's heart! all Europe hurl'd
To ruin, strife, and dearth,
Sees yet one Zoar in the world,
The Goshen of the earth!
England's heart is sound enough—
And though the skies be dark,
Though winds be loud, and waves be rough—
Safe, as Noah's ark!

England's heart—ay, God be praised
That thus, in patriot pride,
An English cheer can yet be raised
Above the stormy tide:
Safe enough, and sound enough,
It thrills the heart to feel
A man's a bit of English stuff,
True from head to heel!

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A LITTLE SPEECH FOR A LITTLE SPEAKER.

J. D.

PERHAPS you think that I'm too small
To make a temp'rance speech;
That only those who are wise and tall
The principles can teach.

Well, now, it *may* be you are right,
And *may* be you are wrong;
A *small* chap, you know, went out to fight
Old Goliath, big and strong.

If you've read your Bible, then you know
'Twas the *small* chap that won;
That no *mighty weapon* felled the foe,
Only a small, smooth stone.

Not *always* can swiftest win the race,
Nor strongest gain the day;
And so in the ranks I take my place,
To do what *small* hands may.

I *hate* this old alcoholic king,
And wish that he were dead;
I wish that I a stone might sling
And break his fiendish head.

But *drink* is too great a monster grown,
Greater than Goliath is *he*—
No single blow can strike him down
And set his victims free.

Yet inch by inch we can gain our ground,
The battle may be long:
But in my short life *this truth* I've found,
The *right will conquer wrong!*

For *me* no whiskey, wine, or beer,
Nor any such vile stuff,
For health, or strength, or friendly cheer,
Cold water's good enough.

I've signed the *pledge*, and I'll keep it *too*,
And *that* will help the cause;
And I'll vote, when grown as big as you,
For *Pro-hi-bi-tion Laws!*

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RHYMES FOR WORKERS.

ERNEST WATMOUGH.

WOULD'ST thou win a noble name
In the coming ages?
Would'st thou earn a future fame
In historians' pages?
Listen, then, and thou shalt hear
How thou may'st attain it—
Bravely working many a year,
In the end thou'lt gain it.

Enter boldly on the fight
Good with Bad is waging;
In the sacred cause of right
All thy soul engaging.
Care not, though the world may frown
On thine earnest striving;
Error must be overthrown—
Truth is ever thriving.

Heed thou, lest a bigot's zeal
Thwart thy good intentions;
Mix not up the simple truth
With obscure inventions.
Have a faith in man and God,
Pure and ardent burning;
In thy chosen pathway plod,
From it never turning.

Live not for thyself, but others
By thy working cherish;
Round thee thou hast many brothers,
Who, neglected, perish.
Sisters erring, weak and frail,
Whom by kindly teaching
Thou may'st raise within the pale
They despair of reaching.

Striving with a noble purpose,
Still thy path pursuing,
To retrieve thy fellow-mortals
From a course of ruin.
Do but this, whate'er thy station,
Priest or politician,
Poet, teacher, or mechanic,
Thou'lt fulfil thy mission.

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I CANNOT TAKE STRONG DRINK.

GEORGE BARRY.

I CANNOT take strong drink;
I have a sacred trust
From Him who breathed in me my life
And formed me from the dust.

My body, mind, and soul
Need all my earnest care;
Them from all evil must I guard
By watchfulness and prayer.

This body is designed
The temple of the Lord;
If this I ever keep in mind,
How great is my reward.

Health, freshness, vigour, ease,
Freedom from drink's sharp pains:
These may be his who firmly from
The tempting cup abstains.

Fearfully is my frame,
And wonderfully, made;
How sinful God's great work to mar,
His image to degrade.

I cannot take strong drink:
How it would dull my mind!
When drink prevails, how reason fails,
How base becomes mankind!

The power to think, to will,
To man in favour given,
Doth make him like the spirits blest
Whose native sphere is heaven.

And I this power would use,
This talent would improve
In seeking knowledge good and true,
And gaining heavenly love.

Strong drink would this prevent,
Would sensualise my mind;
My eye for all that's beautiful
And true and pure 'twould blind.

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I cannot take strong drink:
What ruin to the soul
The mocking spirit brings, to stay
While endless ages roll.

"No drunkard enters heaven,"
God's changeless Word doth say;
Oh! then, from me the drunkard's cup
For ever keep away.

From risk so terrible,
How doth my spirit shrink;
I cannot lose eternal joys,
I dare not take strong drink.

COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

WE may have courage, all of us,
To start at an hour's call,
To meet a foe, protect a friend,
Or face a cannon-ball;
To show the world one hero lives—
The foremost in the fight—
But do we always manifest
The courage to do right?

To answer, "No," with steady breath,
And quick, unfaltering tongue,
When fierce temptation, ever near,
Her siren song has sung?
To care not for the bantering tone,
The jest or studied slight;
Content, if we can only have
The courage to do right?

To step aside from fashion's course,
Or custom's favoured plan,
To pluck an outcast from the street,
Or help a fellow man?
If not, then let us nobly try,
Henceforth, with all our might,
In every case to muster up
The courage to do right.

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DON'T DESPISE HIM.

SEE that father tottering, reeling,
Swollen eyes and bloated face;
See that wife before him kneeling,
Bowed in sorrow and disgrace:
Hear her crave that heart unfeeling
For to quit the cursed place.
Hear him mutter oaths and curses
On that noble, faithful soul;
See that fiend his anger nurses
Lurks within the fatal bowl!

Don't despise him, don't despise him;
He was once a noble youth,
She who kneels has ever prized him
Since he gave his plighted truth,
Since before the shrine of Hymen
She embraced the choice of Ruth.
But the Tempter hath allured him,
Ta'en away his spotless name,
With an iron grip secured him,
Left him but a drunkard's shame.

See that daughter mourning, crying,
Hear her anguish strong and wild:
"God of mercy! I am dying
All alone, a drunkard's child."
With no one to stand beside her,
Father, mother, brother gone,
Smallest comforts all denied her,
Look ye murderers! now look on!
Ye who sell the liquid poison,
Ye who fill the felon's cell,
Ye who starve the drunkard's children,—
Can ye shun the drunkard's Hell?

See the father homeward wending,
Leaning on his trembling wife,
Hear the prayers to heaven ascending
For that poor sick daughter's life:
Hear the drunkard's ravings blending
Oaths and curses, both are rife;
See them now beside her bending,
Hear that mother's rending wail,
For the lovely blighted flower
In death's embraces cold and pale.

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In that hour of keenest sorrow
What could cheer that mother's heart?
No star of hope to light the morrow,
No hand to pluck the piercing dart.
In that hour of gloom and sadness,
Reason claimed her throne once more,
Freed that father from his madness,
Slew the fiend that vexed him sore.
Don't despise him, don't despise him,
Once the scorn of fellow-men;
Don't despise him, don't despise him,
He will be a man again.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A DEAR little girl, called Emily Gray,
Was sitting quite still in the parlour one day:
She did not feel happy, yet she could not tell why,
Nor knew why a tear should escape from her eye.
She heard the sweet birds singing loud in the air,
So blithesome and joyous, so free from all care;
And, turning to gaze to the window to see,
Spied two little wrens in the old poplar tree:
They looked so contented and happy together,
And thankful for getting the warm sunny weather.
Then she said to herself, "'Tis a sweet pretty sight,
But it makes me remember a quarrel last night;
And Harry and I should know better, I'm sure;
But Harry is little—he's only just four,
So to set him a better example I'll try,
And he will know better, perhaps, by-and-bye."
Then she knelt down and earnestly prayed in her heart
That her Father in heaven would pardon impart;
And then by degrees she felt peaceful and glad,
She had found out at last what had made her so sad.
Then she saw Harry's bricks, and thought she would play;
And so she began; but I'm sorry to say
When some houses she'd built—quite a nice little town—
Master Harry came in, and he knocked them all down!
She forgave him at once, for she thought of last night,
And the sorrow to-day, all caused by that fight.
So she walked away slowly, and left him alone;
Then Harry was sorry for what he had done.
Her sad gentle look had quite made him ashamed;
He felt he was naughty, and much to be blamed,

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So he followed and begged her to kiss, and be friends,
And take all the bricks the whole day for amends.
Thus in coming herself to a quieter mind,
She had made little Harry more gentle and kind.

"MAMMY'S GONE A DRINKIN'."

REV. THOMAS JARRATT.

A little child two or three years old, was asked late one night, "Where is your mother?" and this was the sad reply: "Mammy's gone a drinkin."

ALAS! poor child, already called to taste
In earliest years life's bitter cup of woe;
No mother's love; nought but a dreary waste
Will form the deepest memories thou wilt know.

Thy bloom of innocence is soon dispelled;
Thine eyes and ears by sin already stained;
Thy joyous laugh in fear and trembling quelled;
Thy first sweet gush of love at once restrained.

A drunken mother! sad and shameful sight;
Bound by a lust more strong than chains of steel,
Maternal love and infant cries are light,
Against the raging thirst such victims feel.

And is it true that scenes like this are found
In Christian England, freedom's boasted home?
Yes, drunken mothers everywhere abound,
And children worse than motherless do roam.

Oh, Christian mothers! frown the customs down,
Which treat the poisoned chalice as a friend;
The cause of drunkenness—strong drink, disown,
Then shall these shameful sins and sorrows end.

"TRY AGAIN."

ELIZABETH P. ROBERTS.

"TRY again!" that simple sentence
Hath a strong and earnest power;
As a household word familiar,
Even from our childhood's hour.
Then, in truth, we might have murmur'd
At the oft repeated strain,

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When to master tedious lessons
We were urged to "try again."

"Try again!" we liked it better
When we found the plan succeed;
Found that *winning* followed *trying*,
This was a sufficient meed.
Victory would lose its triumph,
If it were not earned by pain;
And the moral conqueror's watchword
Is the motto—"try again."

"Try again!" faint souls and fearful,
Striving makes the spirit strong;
With the bravest of life's victors,
You will win a place ere long.
"Try again!" bold hearts and fearless,
Shrink not at the passing pain;
You have borne too much already,
Not to trust, and "try again."

"Try again!" from youth to manhood,
From full prime to age's night;
Life in every phase has trials,
Fields to win and foes to fight.
For a time our hearts may falter,
But the onward path is plain;
Disappointment must not daunt us,
Let us hope, and "try again."

BE KIND.

LITTLE children, bright and fair,
Blessed with every needful care,
Always bear this thing in mind:
God commands us to be kind;
Kind not only to our friends,
Them on whom our weal depends;
Kind not only to the poor,
Them who poverty endure;
But, in spite of form or feature,
Kind to every living creature.
Never pain or anguish bring
Even to the smallest thing;
For remember that the fly,
Just as much as you or I,

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Is the work of that great Hand
That hath made the sea and land;
Therefore, children, bear in mind
Ever, ever, to "be kind."

FOLLOW HIM HOME.

JOHN HOLLIS.

HE'S a jolly good fellow abroad,
And his drunken companions sing—
"In merriment he is a king,
And in kindness he is a lord;"
But follow him home.

Why, a greater villain than he
I'm sure you could never discover;
He'd stifle the love of a mother—
A sister he'd sell for a spree.
Oh, follow him home!

He courted a beautiful maiden,
He won her, so bright were his smiles;
But now she finds out that his wiles
Were all with hypocrisy laden.
Oh, follow him home!

And though he's the father of three
As lovely children as ever
Smiled on a parent, yet never
Has he tossed them once on his knee.
Oh, follow him home!

With their sorrowing mother they languish,
And oh, how their sunken eyes
Tell of the hellish disguise
That fills their bosoms with anguish!
Oh, follow him home!

If ever he comes again
Making fair speeches to you,
Be of the honest few,
And say unto him, like men,
"We'll follow you home."

His wife is broken-hearted,
His children all are dying,
I wish you could hear their crying,
Oh that he and the drink were parted!
Oh, follow him home!

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DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE.

A Dialogue. By David Lawton.

Characters: Harry and Fred, two Band of Hope Boys.

[*They meet on the platform.* Harry *has a bat in one hand, and a set of wickets on his shoulder, ready dressed for a game of cricket.*]

Fred. Where are you going, Harry?

Harry. Oh, I am going to play at cricket to night. Come and have a game with us; I am sure you would enjoy it very much.

Fred (*reproachfully*). Why, Harry, have you forgotten that our Band of Hope meets to-night?

Harry. No; but then on a fine evening cricket is a healthful exercise; and besides, I know that I can beat the fellows I am going to play with; and I want you to come with me and we will just let them see what cold water can do. Come along, Fred. (*Pulls at* Fred's *coat.*)

Fred. No, not now. I am ready to have a game with you and your friends anytime except on meeting night; and I am astonished to find that you think more about playing cricket than attending the Band of Hope Meeting. Fie! Harry, Fie!

Harry. Why, what harm is there in cricket, I should like to know? You play yourself and enjoy it too, I know very well.

Fred. Of course I do, but there is a proper time for everything, and everything should be done at the proper time, remember that; but I do not think it is the proper time for me to play cricket when I ought to be at the Band of Hope.

Harry. But why be so particular?

Fred. Because we ought to be particular about everything we do or say.

Harry (*coaxingly.*) Well, but just come with me this once.

Fred (*decidedly*). No, I will not; for I do not see the use of belonging to a Band of Hope and not attending its meetings. And besides, I do not think that it is respectful to the kind friends who have done and are doing so much to

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make the meetings pleasant and instructive, to stay away merely for my own pleasure. I consider it my duty to go, and go I shall!

HARRY. But what difference can it make for once?

FRED. We lose all the benefit we should get ourselves out of the meeting. Depend upon it, we can never know too much of what is good. And then we should be setting the others a bad example by staying away; and our absence would be noticed by our kind teacher and may tend to discourage him, and thus we shall be actually hindering, instead of helping on the good work.

HARRY. Well, I declare! (*Knocks the floor with his bat.*) What a good sermonizer you are, to be sure! What else can you find to say against playing truant to-night?

FRED. What did we join the Band of Hope for at first, do you think?

HARRY. Because we did not wish to become drunkards, and thought it was best to have nothing to do with the drink which is causing so much misery around us.

FRED. Very good so far. We have made a good start by signing the pledge; but do you think we should stop there, and be content with simply being abstainers ourselves?

HARRY. No! We must try to get others to join us, of course.

FRED. Very well, then, we should take advantage of every opportunity of obtaining information and instruction, so that we shall be better able to prove to others the truth of our cause. We are both young yet; and we have a great deal to learn before we can be of much service to the cause we love. But that is no reason why we should not do what little we can now to fight against intemperance; and endeavour to find out how we may fight better and more successfully when we get older. We should try to be the best teetotalers possible, should we not?

HARRY. Certainly we should; and I hope we shall be, too.

FRED. Then we must learn to deny ourselves of everything that would hinder our progress. All the good and noble men

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of the past have had to deny themselves of many things they would have liked, no doubt. But they did not consider their own pleasure, they thought only of what would be best for others, and for all time; and we should seek to copy their glorious example, and put aside our own inclinations whenever they stand in the way of our usefulness, if we mean to do any great amount of good in the future.

Who are heroes in life's battle?
Who will win it by-and-bye?
Those who do the greatest service,
Most of all themselves deny.

HARRY. Bravo! Fred. I must admit that you have got the best of it this time. But I have interrupted you. Go on, pray.

FRED. Well, I was just going to say that if we had a spark of patriotism in our bosoms, we should be true to our cause in summer and winter alike; for the drink goes on killing people and making misery, vice and crime all the year round. And if ever Intemperance is to be driven out of the land, it will have to be done by earnest and unremitting labour on the part of those who have the good of their country at heart.

HARRY. Well, I shall give up cricket, and go with you to the meeting to-night. I did not think that it mattered very much staying away. In fact, I had not thought much about it before; and I am very much obliged to you, Fred, for so kindly showing me the importance of putting DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE.

[*Exit.*]

SELF.

FRED. DARLING.

IT is easy enough to conquer the world,
To beat down each cowardly elf:
Would God I could vanquish half as soon
The devil within myself!
For the world, when you face it, soon gives in,
And plays but a poor, mean part;
But who ever yet could measure the strength
Of his own bad wayward heart?

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Ay! it is easy to seem externally good,
It is easy to bear the head high;
But where should we be if the soul of each
Were bared to the cold world's eye?
Where should we be if the minds of all
Could be read in the tell-tale face—
If the thoughts we think, the sins we dream
Were told in the market-place?

We should never forget the lesson true
That our blessed Saviour taught,
When the woman "caught in the very act"
Was to Him for judgment brought;
How, mourning within for their hard, hard hearts
And the sinner's fearful lot,
He, sighing, stooped and wrote on the ground,
As though he heard them not.

How He said, "Let him without sin of you
First cast at her a stone;"—
And, convicting themselves, the accusers all
Left Him and the woman alone.
"Doth no man condemn thee?" "No man, Lord,"
And the trembling wretch wept sore.
"Neither do I," said the merciful One;
"Go, thou, and sin no more."

O friend of mine! whoever thou art,
No more in darkness live;
Thy brother's sins, thy sister's faults,
Pity—forget—forgive.
Perchance when the Judge who judgeth all
Shall hear thy tearful plea,
The thought of all thou hast forgiven
May help to pardon thee.

Ah me! when at night I kneel and pray
For strength against unseen foes,
For courage true to carry me through
This life of trials and woes—
When I pray God to save me from drink and hell,
And to guard me from love of pelf,—
I feel that by far the worst of all foes
Is the devil within myself!

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A VISION.

E. J. Oliver.

ONE summer's day, with weariness oppressed,
I sought the quiet of some sylvan shade;
To muse o'er life, its deep anxieties,
Its hopes, its joys, its sorrows, and its griefs,
Its noble aspirations, mean deceits,
Its struggles, trials, passions, storms and rest.
And while I pondered thus, my heart grew sad
As I bethought myself of all the ill
That sin had worked, through each successive age,
In every clime, in city, church, and State;
Leaving some record, some foul spot or stain,
In every place where its dark shadow fell.
Musing I sat, nor marked the flight of time,
Letting my fancy wander at its will;
When suddenly a vapour seemed to rise,
Which, growing denser as it wreathed around,
Soon hid surrounding objects from my sight;
And then a form, dimly defined at first,
But growing every moment more distinct,
Stood by my side, and with melodious voice
Bade me to follow whither he should lead.
Tall and commanding, though advanced in years,
Firm and erect, he slowly led the way.
Through fragrant fields, and many a shady lane,
By murmuring brooks, and cool and sparkling grots
We went, and paused not till that we had reached
A noble mount, high towering to the clouds,
Which we began with hasty steps to climb.
And then he led me higher, higher still,
Till we had reached the summit of the mount,
When, bidding me look round me, I beheld
Far as the eye could reach, city and town,
Hamlet and village, valley, hill and plain,
Peopled with myriads of my fellow-men,
Careless and heedless of the world to come.
"See," said my guide, "no longer weary be
While all these millions yet remain unsaved,
Be up and doing, faint not by the way;
Gird on thy strength, and not thy strength alone,
For that is but a weak and puny thing
Without the strength that cometh from above,
And which will never be denied to thee,
For he that asketh ever shall receive."

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He ceased, and suddenly the scene was changed,
And we were standing near a shining gate
Beauteous, and fair, and dazzling to behold.
Amazed I stood, for sounds of heavenly joy,
Thrilling my heart with ecstacy and bliss,
Were borne upon the breeze.
"Why this rejoicing, why these heavenly sounds?"
I asked, while turning to my aged guide.
"These are the songs of angels who rejoice
O'er sinners turning from their evil ways,
And seeking shelter in the Ark of God."
And so amidst the glorious sound of harps,
And songs of angels standing round the throne,
I knelt enraptured, and I felt within
A feeling indescribable—a holy joy;
And while the blissful sounds were at their height
And ransomed thousands sang their songs of praise
Did I awake.
Weary no longer, I arose refreshed,
Filled with new life, new aims, and new desires,
And new resolves to battle with the world;
Resolved henceforth, the remnant of my days
To give to God's great service, and to fight
With all my powers against the host of hell.
Resolved to speak to sinners yet unsaved
Of all that Christ had done to save their souls,
How He had died, yea died that they might live,
How He had risen again, to intercede
With God, for *all* who felt a Saviour's need.

WATCHING FOR PAPA.

UP at the window are three little heads,
Lucy's, and Willie's, and year-old Fred's;
What are they doing there all in a row,
Bobbing up, bobbing down, every way so?

Watching for papa to come home to tea,
Dear is their papa to all of the three,
Which pair of little eyes sparkling and bright,
Think you will be first to see him to-night?

Hark! who is that now whose footsteps they hear?
Far out are heads stretched to see him draw near!
Somebody's papa, perhaps, but not theirs—
Up at the three eager faces he stares.

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Back from the window bobs each little head,
"Papa, make haste now," says dear baby Fred;
Now they all see him just coming in sight;
Hark, how they clap hands, and scream with delight.

Happy at last, not a moment to wait,
Laughing and shouting they rush to the gate.
Joyfully papa the little troop meets,
Each rosy mouth with glad kisses he greets.

Up in his strong arms he takes little Fred,
Willie and Lucy go dancing ahead;
Into the house now all four of them come,
Mamma stands smiling her bright welcome home.

Pulling and tugging they make him sit down,
One brings his slippers, another his gown,
Round him they hover and chatter with glee,
While they are waiting the summons to tea.

Little they know how their sweet loving ways
Comfort him after the wearisome days;
Arms full and lap full of dear little pets,
Now all his worries and cares he forgets.

IN A CROWD.

FRANK FEARNELEY.

'TIS Saturday night and a motley crowd
Assembles in the busy street,
From every alley and bye-way near
Is heard the sound of hurrying feet.
'Tis nine o'clock—how dark the night!
The sickening sights are hid from view;
The only light—from window pane
Labelled "Old Tom" and "Mountain Dew."
What is it gathers round the door?
A crying child—'tis nothing more!

Ah stay! I see beside the child,
Grovelling on the dirty flags,
A womanly form it seems to be,
Clothed, alas, in unwomanly rags.
She's drunk, they say, and that's her child,
Sobbing so loudly o'er her there;
Poor child! thy piercing accents wild
Betray drink's horrid, fateful snare;

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How strange good people cannot think
The evil's really in the drink!

Ah see, the mother gazes round,
Curses her child's "confounded din;"
"Here, take this sixpence," she harshly cries,
"Bring me a quartern of Hollands Gin—
Be sharp and don't stand snivelling so—
You'll get it there, at Mr. Beck's;"
And speaking thus, she stands, and reels,
This shameful blot on her pure sex;
O God! how strange, good people think
There's nothing bad in poisonous drink!

The child, with withered, tearful face,
The poisonous draught reluctant brings,
The mother quaffs with boisterous glee
The draught—anon she wildly sings—
What cares she for her only child—
Its hungry look and naked form;
No kindly hand or ample fare,
To save it from the bitter storm;
Ah, 'tis the oft-told tale of woe—
Good friends, will you no pity show?

See now she falls upon the flags,
So drunk she cannot even say
A single word when told to move—
Laid on a stretcher, she's borne away,
And the crowd is running, laughing still;
Each to the other the news they tell,
"A drunken woman, see there she goes!"
And they point to the spot where down she fell.
Thank heaven, her child, 'midst rude alarms,
Sleeps peacefully in a policeman's arms.

O bear it on with tender care,
And let it lie upon your breast;
Press gently on its aching limbs,
It soundly sleeps in quiet rest.
Poor babe! a weary life is thine!
So soon to meet with want and woe;
Heaven grant thee peace beyond the grave,
Where ne'er shall come our country's foe.
Oh! tenderly bear it, use it well;
Perchance 'twill find rest in yon prison cell.

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THE TRUE MAN'S CREED.

STRIVE to excel and take the lead
In Christian love, and emulate
The just, the kind, in word and deed.
Oh, strive to be both good and great!
Toil with hands, and toil with brain—
Toil again, and toil again;
Ply the shuttle, and ply the quill—
Drive the plough with earnest will;
Forward in the good work rush,
Swiftly as the torrents gush.

With earnest heart do all you can
To urge the onward course of man
From the darkness black as night,
To paths that shine with dazzling light—
The glorious light of truth and love,
Which Heaven has sent us from above
To cheer the weary pilgrim's way,
As onward he from day to day,
Through this vale of sighs and tears,
Struggles for a term of years!

Strive to conquer every ill
By faith, and hope, and charity:
Keep the lead with dauntless will—
Brave misfortunes manfully.
Sheath the bloody sword of war;
Dwell in peace—from strife withdraw.
But if assailed, be glad to fight
For justice, freedom, truth, and right.
Traverse the land, and plough the wave;
Teach the savage—free the slave!

Pray Heaven that love and peace may reign,
That sin—with crime's engendered train—
Banished may be, and forced to go
To her own dwelling-place—below!
And oh, exalt the coming age
With science and with learning's page—
With all that is sublime in art—
With godliness, that angel part
Of low, down-fallen, long down-fallen,
Sin born, sorrowful men!

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HOME.

W. Hoyle.

TELL me not of martial bands,
Beat of drums and sound of rifle,
Roar of gun at war's commands;
These to me are but a trifle.

Tell me not of banquet hall,
Sumptuous feast or midnight revel;
These, like proud Belshazzar's fall,
Tempt the friends of lust and evil.

Tell me not of sordid wealth;
Gold with all its glittering treasure
Cannot buy me precious health,
Cannot yield me purest pleasure.

Tell me not of worldly fame;
Giddy heights of vain ambition
Only mark an empty name,
Leave the soul without fruition.

Tell me not of pleasure's gate,
Where the thoughtless youth advances,
Where the slaves of fashion wait,
Mingle in the songs and dances.

Tell me not of foreign lands,
Where the deep Niagara thunders,
Where Vesuvius burning stands,
Filling earth with mighty wonders.

There's a spot that's near my heart,
All things temporal excelling,
While on earth I take my part
May I love thee, mine own dwelling.

When I reach the open door
Voices sweet like bells are pealing
"Welcome! welcome home once more!"
Like soft zephyrs o'er me stealing.

Children gather round my knee,
Mary, Frank, and little Alice;
Soon I'm like a bird set free
From the world's deceit and malice.

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All the troubles of the day,
  Doubtful bonds and cargoes rotten,
Pass like flying clouds away,
  Like a dream are all forgotten.

Cheerful sits my loving wife,
  First of all earth's flowers and sweetest,
Partner of my inner life,
  Counsellor and friend the meetest.

Every morning when we part
  Lingers she with words caressing,
Nerves my soul and cheers my heart
  With the fondest, holiest blessing.

Poverty nor riches find
  Entrance in my humble dwelling;
Rosy health and peace of mind;
  These are mine when banks are failing.

Ere the curtain of the night
  Seals our eyes in peaceful slumber,
Prayer ascends for life and light,
  Praise for blessings without number.

Counsels from God's precious Word
  Gather we like gems at even,
Find we footprints of the Lord,
  Follow we His steps to heaven.

Hallowed spot, my own dear home!
  Foretaste of eternal pleasure;
Wheresoe'er my feet may roam,
  Thou art still my fondest treasure.

THE GLEANER.

P.

WHEN the earth is crown'd with fatness,
  And the yellow harvest yields
To the sickle of the reaper
  Toiling in the sunny fields,
Mark the glad contented gleaner
  Gather one by one her store—
Every act of cheerful labour
  Makes her richer than before:
    Comfort ye of lowly grade—
    Ear by ear the sheaf is made.

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Envy not thy richer neighbour,
Though he owns a large estate:
Messengers from heaven coming
Do not tarry at his gate.
Open wide the cottage lattice—
Enters in the balmy air;
And the great sun brightly shining
Glads the hearts that worship there.
Comfort ye of lowly grade—
Ear by ear the sheaf is made.

Golden treasures thickly scatter'd,
Strew the world's great surface o'er;
Man is but a humble gleaner,
Finding knowledge, seeking more;
Step by step he plods his way,
One by one his blessings rise:
He who binds his store together,
He alone is truly wise.
Comfort ye of lowly grade—
Ear by ear the sheaf is made.

THOMAS AND BETTY.

E. C. A. Allen.

A CONFIRMED inveterate toper,
(So I've heard the story run)
Often spent in drink his earnings
When his daily toil was done.
"He was foolish," say you? Granted,
You and I agree in that;
But he had his sober seasons,
And in one of these he sat
Thinking over certain subjects
That were troubling him just then,
And aloud soliloquising,
And 'twas thus his musings ran:—
"Let me see, I scarce remember
How I got upstairs last night;
But I've some faint recollection
Of the tempting smell and sight
Of the supper on the table,
Such as *I* don't often taste;
And of being hurried from it,
And despatched to bed in haste.
Several times of late I've fancied
When I've had a drinking bout

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I've been somewhat roughly handled—
But I'll find the secret out."
So with brief consideration
He devised a cunning plan,
And with inward exultation
Straight to work it out began.
That same evening, when his labours
Closed, he took a lengthened walk,
And returning sought a neighbour's.
And beguiled the hours with talk.
But of drink he never tasted,
Though he tarried out so late,
And towards midnight home he hasted
All intent to know his fate.
Changing, as he neared his dwelling,
His firm step for shuffling gait;
Reeling in, the room he entered
Where his loving spouse did wait.
As before, a savoury flavour
Met him at the open door,
And some nice beefsteak and onions
Lay his hungry eyes before.
And with well-feigned drunken efforts
Clumsily he shuffled near,
But his "better half" upstarted
And removed the tempting cheer.
On the oven shelf she placed it,
And with looks not over sweet
Took in hand her luckless husband,
And began t' uncase his feet.
"Stop! (hic) stop! I want some supper,"
Hiccuped out the hungry wight.
"Tha'll be off to bed, I tell thee!
No supper tha'll have here to-night."
An unfortunate arrangement
It might seem; but right or wrong,
Thomas was but small and slender,
Betty was tall, stout, and strong.
By his arm she roughly took him
And escorted him above—
For the least resistance shook him—
And commenced his clothes to remove.
"Tha disgusting creature," cried she,
"How can any woman bear
To be tied to such an object?
I'm quite weary, I declare."

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By and bye her task was ended;
Thomas safely covered up,
And his loving wife descended
To enjoy her bit and sup.
Scarce she'd settled to the table,
When, to her immense surprise,
Thomas, dressed, made his appearance!
Betty scarce believed her eyes.
"Oh!" said he, "I've found you out now,
You want whipping through the town."
"Bless me, lad, why art te sober?
Come thi ways, and sit thee down;
How dost think ut aw con bear it
When tha comes, neet after neet,
Reeling in all drunk and stupid?
Now, tha canna think that reet.
Howsume'er, I'll beg thi pardon;
Come, and gie thi wife a kiss:
If tha'll nobbut give up drinking,
Tha'st have th' best of all there is."
How she managed it I know not,
Thomas soon got reconciled;
Ten to one the odd adventure
Pleased his fancy till he smiled.
Better still, he'd learnt a lesson—
He kept sober, and took care
When his Betty got her supper,
He'd be ready for *his* share.

THE PRAYER OF THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

IRON PEN.

O! THOU who did'st with pitying smile
Look down on such as me,
With falt'ring lips and tearful eyes
I raise my prayer to Thee!
While father at the alehouse stays,
While mother weeps alone;
And little Charlie ever cries
For bread, and there is none.
And people look upon me so,
As something strange and wild;
Whene'er I pass I hear them say:—
"There goes the drunkard's child."

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O Thou whose every look is love,
Compassion take on me:
A drunken outcast, poor and vile,
Let not my father be;
But teach him, Lord, to dash aside
The soul-destroying chain
Which binds him to the madd'ning drink,
And evermore abstain.
Nor let his lips be once again
With poison'd draughts defiled;
And then no more will men with scorn
Call me "the drunkard's child."

While brother Charlie food will have,
And mother weep no more;
And father will be happy too,
Nor seek the alehouse door.
Then I shall go each Sabbath morn
Towards the house of prayer,
To bless the mercy and the love
Which saved our heart from care:
And thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast thus
On me in kindness smiled,
Nor spurn'd the prayer which came to Thee
From one—a "drunkard's child."

BOYS OF ENGLAND.

DAVID LAWTON.

BOYS of England, boys of England,
What's your future going to be?
Will you make your country better?
Make her truly great and free?
Or, will you be worse than traitors
To the land that gave you birth?
Help the Drink Fiend who would make her
Soon a wide, an awful dearth?

Boys of England, boys of England,
Do you love your native isle?
Do you wish to see her happy,
Free from want, and woe, and guile?
Then you'll seek with good to bless her;
Honour wreathe around her name;
Hate the many sins which cross her,
Hate the drink which blots her fame.

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Boys of England, boys of England,
You may grandest patriots prove;
Do your country greater service,
Show a higher, holier love
Than to die in battle gory
In some far-off foreign clime;
You may live to make her nobler,
Fill her with a light sublime.

Boys of England, boys of England,
You've a glorious mission now;
Know, and bravely dare to do it,
Nor to senseless custom bow.
Free yourselves from every habit
Which would keep you from the right;
Then you'll truly serve your country,
Free her from the greatest blight.

Boys of England, boys of England,
Be in earnest, watch and pray;
Soon you'll rise to fill the places
Of the men who pass away.
And you should be wiser, freer,
Better men than they have been;
Now resolve that such you will be,—
Grandest men the world hath seen.

BANDS OF HOPE.

D.

BANDS of Hope are Bands of blessing,
Binding in a loving tie
Boys and girls, and youths and maidens,
Who would dark temptation fly.

Bands of Hope! they bless the present,
Make the happy happier still;
While they strengthen young disciples,
And give firmness to the will.

Bands of Hope! they gild the future,
Ushering in a brighter day,
When the foul, destroying demon
Shall be made to yield his prey.

Bands of Hope! they speak of plenty,
Peace, and love, and joy at home;
Want, and hate, and blows forgotten,
O that now the day were come!

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Bands of Hope! they rear the altar,
Tune the hymn, and guide to God;
Help to reverence the Sabbath,
Keep us in the narrow road.

Bands of Hope! their influence tendeth
Good to scatter all around;
Life to cheer by bringing many
Near the Gospel's joyful sound.

Bands of Hope! they thus prepare us
Death to vanquish, God to meet;
Found in Christ, and leading others
To the Saviour's Mercy Seat.

Bands of Hope are Bands of Blessing;
Let them then be multiplied
In each city, town, and village,
Valley deep, or mountain side.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATHBED.

By J. J. Lane.

THE midnight hour had struck, I ope'd the door,
A dingy door which led into a cell,
Where lay upon a bed of naked straw
The dying drunkard whom I knew full well.

Nor wife, nor children lingered round his bed,
Nor friend, nor old associate was there
To bathe and cool the fever of his head,
Or hear him breathe his last imploring prayer.

Alone he lay: the deeds of threescore years
Before his startled vision pass'd him by;
He groaned aloud, for they awoke his fears,
Yet cursed the thought that whispered death was nigh.

I bent me down, and in kind words and low
Spoke of the land where myriads happy dwell;
Then gravely warned him of the gulf below,
Where guilty conscience knows a changeless hell.

"Speak on, speak on!" he cried, as wild he toss'd
His suppliant hands in fervent prayer to heaven:
"Speak on, but say not that my soul is lost,
There still is time for me to be forgiven.

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"Time left for me: oh yes, 'tis true, I feel
What others foul as I have felt before;
Soft strains of mercy through my spirit steal,
Which bid me welcome to that blissful shore.

"All the dark deeds which plagued my failing sight
Whilst here in groans and misery I lay,
Have been dispelled, as are the shades of night
When gleam the first faint sunbeams of the day."

He seized and press'd my hand, I felt a chill
Run through my veins, and paralyse the core,
One deep long sigh, one look, then all was still,—
From sin, death, hell, to glory evermore.

Who seek Thy face, O Lord, in early youth,
And never tread the drunkard's downward road,
Thrice blest are they in purity and truth
Through life, in death, and round the throne of God.

THE COMING MAN.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

FEVERED heart and heated brain
In the future will not reign
Over this, our fair domain.
Here the sheltering wing divine,
Like the spangled sky, is spread
In star-glory overhead.
Wise men, like the shepherds led,
Will not taste the rosy wine.

Thick as billows of the seas
Are the graves of debauchees,
Shall we warning take of these,
Since they form of death the line?
See the faces white with care,
See the pictures of despair,
See the shadows in the air,
Coming from the cup of wine!

Fashion bows its little head,
Habit shows its cheeks of red,
Passion nods to all that's said,
Where the brimming goblets shine:
In the glass a serpent lies,
And the beads which bubbling rise
Are the serpent's glittering eyes,
And its fangs are in the wine.

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The coming man will bravely stand,
Without the wine-glass in his hand,
A sun-crowned chieftain of the land;
A landmark, like the lofty pine
Which lifts on high its plumes of fir,
Whose root no fickle winds can stir;
He, like an upright worshipper,
Will never stoop to taste of wine.

Strong of body, strong of soul,
Firm of purpose to control,
He will spurn the tempting bowl
In the shadow of the vine.
No taint of wine in his red veins,
No fume of wine in his full brains,
No trembling hand will hold the reins
When he who rules shall drink no wine.

Mothers of the mighty men,
Lo! an angel speaks again
As in dreaming ages, when
His grand mission was divine;
He spake unto Elizabeth
With his sweet and holy breath,
To be faithful unto death,
And not spoil the child with wine.

If the coming man is born,
Drug him not with grape or corn,
Let no cloud obscure his dawn:
Is he not a child of thine?
Sweet young mother, softly sing
To the dove beneath thy wing;
Let the cradle gently swing
To the hymn, "Disuse of Wine."

Is the coming man at school,
Teach him there the golden rule;
Wine the mocker makes the fool:
As twigs are bent the trees incline.
The coming man is coming soon;
King Brute is reeling from his throne,
May his sun go down at noon!
Hail to the chief who drinks no wine!

END OF VOLUME VI.

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